Nixon's Revenge on the Press

Horace Sutton in Havana

Saturday Review

June 25, 1977 75¢

WOMEN AGAINST WOMEN

The Clamor Over Equal Rights

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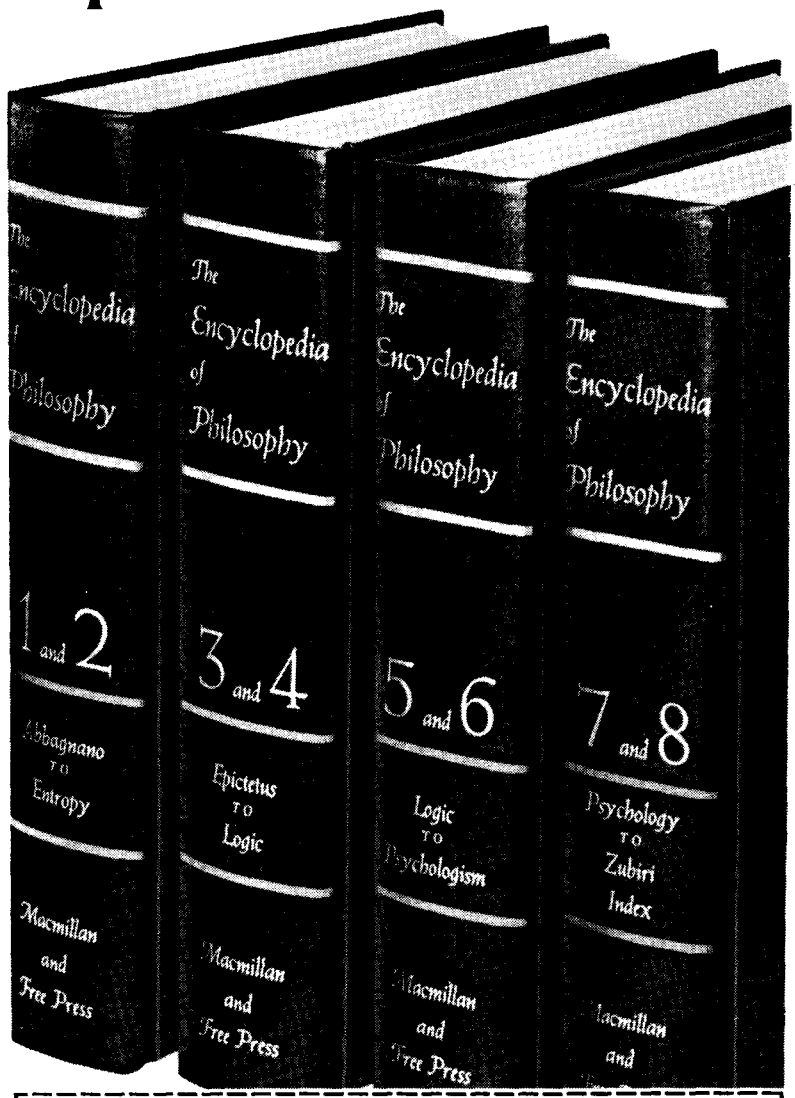

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Top of My Head

Gold and Dross

by Goodman Ace

SOMEONE recently asked, "Did you see the last annual Oscar program on television?" I could only reply prayerfully, "I hope so."

Hollywood, Land of Make-Believe, where they make believe they know how to produce an Oscar awards program. This great body of creative talent is able to give us such outstanding films as *Network* and *Rocky*, but when it comes to passing out golden statuettes, it takes three hours of time on a network and comes up with such a rocky exhibition.

As for television, it goes without saying. Constantly. This billion-dollar industry can give viewers a brilliant special like *Roots* and transport viewers hundreds of years back in time, but suddenly is driving with an empty tank when it comes to taking viewers back only one season in time to present its golden awards. Two art forms, then, each operating at a high level within its medium, can only come up with a high level of tedium.

A longtime worker in the field, I have become an avid TV viewer of both these annual spectacularly somnolent spectacles, and it has saddened me. At first I tried passing the buck of blame to the heat of the California sun at poolside, or the three-hour lag in time zones.

But after that last Oscar to-do, I respectfully submit, to anyone out there who really cares, that the formats of both these award programs are cockeyed. Upside down. The producers have been operating on the faulty premise that to keep the audience in suspense is to save for last the awards to the best actors and actresses, using the first part of the show merely as a prologue in which to honor workers behind the scenes.

But we've all seen those actors, time and again, plugging their movies with Johnny or Merv, with Dinah or Kup, even with Donny and Marie. Actors are not suspense. Actors are a dime a dozen, or a million dollars a movie, their names in lights. Let's get to the real best part—the unlighted, off-camera people who win for costume designing, editing, visual effects.

I get a charge out of seeing all the craftspersons who live in anonymity—especially this year, seeing the three men who won visual effects awards for making Kong king.

NOT to change the subject, but as a firm believer in giving credit where it's due, I resent the credit crawls at the end of day-to-day TV programs. These crawls do not crawl. They rush up your screen like the fifth race at Santa Anita. A crawl is a piece of film about 20 seconds in length on which are piled the names of about 25 off-camera workers. Imagine each worker trying to find his name in that split-second timing—a race to his credit.

One night on the *All in the Family* crawl, I swear I saw Mort Lachman (producer) and Milt Josefsberg (writer) win by a full length over Norman Lear (god).

And I haven't even touched on the main problem of the award shows—the giving of thanks: long, hysterical, historical mentions of names without whom, etc., etc. It makes one wish the speakers were on a fast crawl. Once, just once, as a startling surprise and a change of pace, wouldn't it be pleasant to watch a winning, winsome actress take her statuette, clutch it to her bosom, and make another kind of speech?

Quickly, then, if you're in a hurry to turn to another page in this magazine, it could run like this:

"I have no one to thank for this award. I did it all myself. But I would like to say a few words about that director of my film who tortured me for weeks with screen tests and finally told me I had the role. Then he said, 'In order to make this character come alive, I will have to work with you privately every day before we start shooting, and go over your lines.' And I said, 'Just a minute, Buster.' And he said, 'Mr. Buster, to you.' And I said, 'Okay, Mr. Buster, although I've been here only two years and this is my first picture, I know what you mean about going over my lines.' And he said, 'Oh, come on, I know this is not your first picture. I saw the one you made when you first came to Hollywood.' And I said, 'I was new. I didn't know what "R" stood for; I thought "R" meant "Repeat." '

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have dreamed of this moment since I was twelve years old. And if this turns out to be another recurrence of that dream, I'm going to slug anyone who wakes me up. I only wanted to point out that even in Hollywood, virtue can be its own award." ◉

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Manufacturing the News

"How can people become well informed if the news they read is tilted for the purpose of engaging their attention?"

THE entire profession of journalism experienced an upsurge of pride as the result of its key role in uncovering the Watergate scandals. Not even the full weight of the White House was able to prevent the press from running down the evidence that forced a President, for the first time in American history, to resign.

That the press is powerful is unquestioned. What has yet to be established, however, is whether its ability to provide basic information equals its ability to uncover wrongdoing. Since most people get their view of the world from spot news on radio or television or from the front pages of newspapers, it is reasonable to ask whether these sources give them the information they need to participate knowledgeably in public debates on critical issues.

How many Americans, for example, know about the statement by U.N. Secretary-General Waldheim on the role of the United Nations in attempting to reverse the perilous world arms spiral? Mr. Waldheim called attention to the dangers of military competition, which will soak up $300 billion this year, representing by far the major cause of worldwide inflation. By any objective analysis, Secretary-General Waldheim's statement was top news. Yet people who read the newspapers or listened to broadcasts had not the slightest inkling that he had made any statement at all. In New York, the press gave more attention to the attempt of the city council to control pornography than to the attempt of the Secretary-General to control a problem that, if left unattended, could make the earth as barren as Mars. Are we to believe that the issue of human survival is less important than whether a massage parlor should be located 300 or 500 feet from a residential neighborhood?

A related problem in the treatment of news is concerned with the press interview. We refer to the practice of putting a provocative question to a public figure and then highlighting the response in a way that attracts attention but that doesn't really represent the opinions of the person being quoted.

For example, President Kennedy was once asked at a press conference if he would prefer not to deal with a hothead like Nikita Khrushchev. The President replied that it was his responsibility to deal with heads of state, and that his preferences were immaterial. The news reports made it appear that the President had said it was his duty to deal with a "hothead" like Khrushchev.

Technically, of course, the story was factual. But it was dangerously misleading. It did not say that, in response to a direct question from a reporter, the President had denied that he had any reluctance to deal with Mr. Khrushchev. Nor did it say that the term "hothead" was the reporter's, not the President's.

Altogether, the American people were poorly served by the manufactured item. The President had been engaged at the time in sensitive exchanges with Khrushchev. He was prepared to undertake daring measures that might have lifted the country out of the highly volatile "Cold War." He thought that the news story would produce consternation and resentment in Moscow, and he was right. He sent a special message to Khrushchev explaining his view of what had happened. Eventually, the incident blew over, but it had been needlessly harmful.

A more recent example of the misleading effect of questions at a press conference is furnished by the newspaper stories that quoted Andrew Young, U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, as having declared that the South African government is illegitimate.

What had actually happened was that a reporter had asked Mr. Young if he *agreed* that the South African government is illegitimate. It is possible that many things went through the mind of the Ambassador at that second. If he said, "No," he might be identifying U.S. foreign policy with the anti-African colonial forces; he might make it appear that he endorsed everything the South African government was doing. So he simply said, "Yes."

Anyone looking at the headlines or even reading the opening paragraphs of the news stories that followed, however, would have the impression that Ambassador Young had issued a prepared statement declaring that the United States no longer regarded the South African government as "legitimate." In the way the reports appeared, Mr. Young's comment seemed tantamount to an announcement that the United States was breaking off relations with South Africa. Since such was not the case, it became necessary for the U.S. State Department to make a clarifying statement.

On a far less consequential level, a personal experience bears on the same problem. Recently, before giving a lecture in the Midwest, I was interviewed by several reporters. One of them asked whether I thought President Jimmy Carter is incompetent. My reply was: "Certainly not."

The news story about the interview began by quoting N.C. as declaring that Jimmy Carter is neither an amateur nor an incompetent. Only a pompous ass would have had the cheeks to make such a gratuitous remark.

It is hard to be comfortable with provocative newspaper headlines and stories that feature statements based on contrived situations. How can people consider themselves well informed if the significant portion of what they read is tilted for the purpose of engaging their attention?

These notes are put down not from a vantage point outside the communications arena but from within it. It is precisely because journalism has much of which it can be proud that it ought not to be reluctant to face up to its own inadequacies. Soul-searching is generally a sign of strength. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Dying Dinosaurs

One comes away from your special urban issue ["Saving Our Cities," May 14] with the impression that the trend toward megastructures in our larger cities is indeed a last-gasp attempt at instant resurgence. When will it become evident that cities are more than zoning ordinances, prices per square foot, and interest rates? Cities are *people*. Unless and until cities are seen as places in which individuals live and work rather than as playgrounds for bankers, architects, and real estate agents, dinosaurs such as those in Atlanta and Detroit will continue to rise up out of the debris. It should be noted that the original dinosaurs died of their own weight and inability to adapt to a changing environment. Big was (and is) no longer best.

Ronald Margolis
Charlottesville, Va.

Safety Precautions

As a recent visitor to Detroit, I was very much interested by Roger M. Williams's article ["Facelift for Detroit," May 14]. It seems to me that architect John Portman's comment—"We have to give people city environments where they feel safe"—exemplifies most of the problems our cities face today. It is not the *feeling* of safety that people want, but *actual* safety. When a few women have been stabbed in those underground garages, they will be empty. As for the safety of downtown Detroit, vouched for by those "police statistics," it is the result of the same "safety source" as in the Painted Desert: few people go there at night.

Gene Wolfe
Barrington, Ill.

Fussing Over Busing

Roger M. Williams ["What Louisville Has Taught Us About Busing," April 30] writes that Jefferson County has resisted merger of the city and county school systems because it would mean "diluting the county's traditionally structured educational program as well as absorbing unwanted blacks." Nothing could be further from the truth. The city school system was in the red—horribly so. The county school system was in the black. This was the reason for fighting merger. As a result of merger, among other busing-related items, our county system is facing a debt of $13.8 million for the 1977–78 school year. As a result, we're laying off more teachers.

Williams refers to busing in Louisville as "trauma turned success." "Success," supposedly, means busing children who were receiving good education in county schools into city schools, in hopes of improving the system as a whole. This is not happening. Blacks in the city schools are scoring 19 in reading abilities, out of a national norm of 50, while those in county schools are scoring 21, a slight improvement. But white students in the county system are scoring 52, while those in the city are scoring 43.

In the end, I think busing has done only one thing: it has increased racial prejudice to record heights. People I know who worked with, loved, and supported blacks before busing will hardly talk to them now. And they will push this hatred upon their children.

Kevin Ulmet
Louisville, Ky.

On page 52 of this issue, Carll Tucker begins a regular column of personal comment.

Greeks in Africa

In reviewing the book by Jean Vercoutter et al. ["The Image of the Black in Western Art: Volume 1," April 30], John D. Cooney states that "the Greeks, unlike the Egyptians, did not penetrate Africa." The validity of his position is rendered untenable by the facts of history.

The advent of the Ptolemies as Alexander's successors in Egypt sparked a knowledge explosion among the Greeks with regard to the realities of inmost Africa. Eratosthenes seems to have had a grasp on factual knowledge of the Nile as far south as Meroe; and in the first years of Greek rule in Egypt the Ptolemies sent out one Dalion, who reached and wrote of regions beyond Meroe. Many other expeditions followed.

Moreover, on his world map the geographer Ptolemy shows two lakes and the Mountains of the Moon as being the source of the Nile—a reflection of the claim of Diogenes, the man who anticipated by some *1,400 years* the "discovery" of Captain John Hanning Speke! Accept this or not, it is undeniable that the features shown by Ptolemy are incredibly similar to what the nineteenth-century English explorers discovered to be actual fact.

What this amounts to is the simple truth that, in point of fact, the Greeks not only surpassed the Egyptians in knowledge of central Africa and its peoples, they surpassed every nation, except Portugal, prior to the nineteenth century.

Alexander Cutrules
Yuma, Ariz.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The illustration for "Fad, Fashion, and Style" [April 30] was done by *Joe* Eula, not John.

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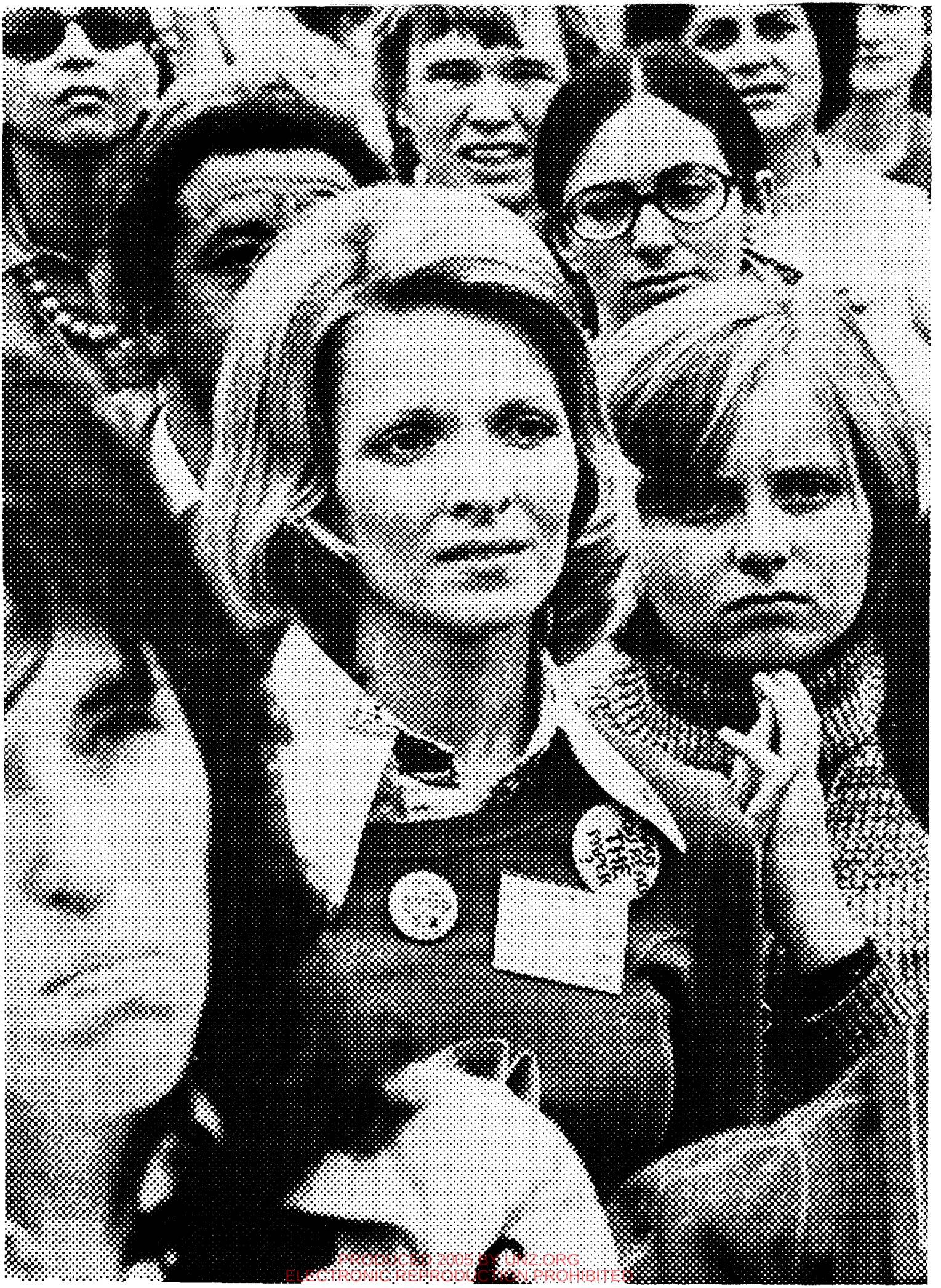

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WOMEN AGAINST WOMEN

The Clamor Over Equal Rights

by Roger M. Williams

WHEN the issue of the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) seized the Florida legislature this past April, the outcome was important far beyond the drowsy confines of Tallahassee. The approval of three more states was needed for the ERA to become law, and both sides declared that the decision in Florida might well be the determining factor: if the drive to ratify the amendment, which had already lost its momentum, failed in Florida, the proposal's prospects would be bleak.

On the opening day of the legislative session, the peach-and-cream corridors of Florida's crumbling state capitol were filled with women in red, the color of the stop-ERA movement. Red dresses, floppy red hats, huge red campaign buttons. There were teen-agers and housewives, and many of them had been bused in from distant towns. They clustered protectively, wide-eyed and self-conscious, like high school girls bound for the rest room. But they stuck to their task: to plead with, persuade, and, in their fashion, intimidate Florida legislators to vote against the ERA.

A delegation of these women entered the House office building carrying single red roses, cut for them by a friendly capitol gardener. ("They ain't gonna know you didn't steal 'em," remonstrated a delegation member without a rose.) The group descended on the office of Tommy Hazouri, a representative from Jacksonville. "No, no, he's *for* it," one woman instructed a colleague as they waited for Hazouri. "You're trying to change his mind."

When Hazouri proved unchangeable and rather abrupt, even though the delegation was from a Baptist church in his district, the women shuffled their feet for a few awkward moments and then departed. The last one to leave, a plain girl of perhaps seventeen, thrust a leaflet entitled "God's Simple Plan of Salvation" at a bystander. "They've been in here by the dozens," Hazouri said. "Baptists, Catholics, Mormons, you name it. They criticize the other side for being NOW [National Organization for Women] types, feminist fanatics. They should look at themselves."

They do look at themselves, and they like what they see: a swelling army of God-fearing, home-loving, unassailably "moral" American women who have mobilized at considerable self-sacrifice to save the country from an enemy within. The enemy, they realize, at first uneasily and then with growing hostility, is primarily other women. Even more than the abortion issue, the ERA pits woman against woman in a manner and in numbers never before experienced in the United States. Gone from these adversary legions are what used to be the invisible bonds between women: motherhood, the home, the joys and sorrows believed unique to females. In the corridors of the Florida capitol, the bonds dissolved into mutual suspicion, dislike, or worse, as each side verbally attacked the other:

Barbara Studley, an anti-ERA activist from Miami—"Some of these women look like truck drivers. They're not like most women, gentle and sweet and feminine."

Janine Hansen, an anti-ERA organizer from Nevada—"The hard core of women's libbers feel nature has dealt them a terrible blow in that women have children and men don't. They're very unhappy about their lot in life. They want to change it, and they see the ERA as the way to get the government to enforce the changes."

Nancy Wittenberg, executive director of Florida's Commission on the Status of Women and a pro-ERA leader—"They grab my arm and say to me, 'But you *look* like a girl.'

"Do the 'antis' feel threatened? Sure they do. That's the bait to get them out to fight the ERA: 'You'll be jerked from your home, you'll have to work, your husband can leave you anytime.' It's much more than a financial threat. It's deeply emotional, too—a threat of being taken off their pedestals."

Such comments spring from profound differences in backgrounds, values, and aspirations. Perhaps the most profound difference centers on the role of women in society. Proponents of the ERA see American women as an emerging force destined to participate as a full partner in the business of running a social system; in the partnership, all distinctions establishing or even implying male supremacy will be obliterated. This is revolution, with far-reaching societal and personal implications that every ERA opponent at least senses.

While welcoming more opportunities for women and a growing appreciation of their home-oriented work, the opponents are repelled and worried by a broad-scale attack on the traditional relationship of the sexes. Their responses range from Marabel Morgan's "Total Woman," who is supposed to be a doll-like servant of her husband, to the fears of "career" wives and mothers that the security for which they bargained now stands in jeopardy.

For proponents, passage of the ERA is no more than a matter of "simple justice"; one often hears that phrase, spoken in a plaintive or exasperated tone. For opponents, it is the acceptance of a modern Trojan horse, a legislative bombshell whose explosion, they insist, would overturn the established order in many sensitive areas—the draft, Social Security, homosexual rights, alimony, and child support—

Bettye Lane

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as well as add immeasurably to the power of the federal government.

The women at the Florida capitol displayed the characteristics, bold or subtle, that distinguish ERA "pros" from "antis" across the nation. The ranks of the antis included both plainer and more carefully turned out women. Large numbers wore acrylic pantsuits. Out-of-fashion hairdos predominated, from the "artichoke" of the early Sixties, still very popular in the South, to a nondescript roll-it-yourself bob. A handful bore the look of Saks or its Florida equivalents. The pros had much less makeup, simpler hairstyles, and more casual clothes—jeans and T-shirts in which the antis, one knew, would not be caught dead.

The pros seemed much more at ease, less awed by the swirl of legislative activity and their role in it. Both sides told anyone who'd listen that their own members were political amateurs, driven by sheer idealism from home or job to beat back the opposing horde of professionals. In fact, there were few professionals on the scene: a smattering of lobbyists, at least half of them men and not many of them paid. Of the rank-and-filers, the antis certainly looked more amateurish, and in the broad context of assurance and experience, they were. Some of this amateurism was stagy: for instance, young women carrying infants or pushing strollers, virtual badges of opposition to the ERA.

While the ranks of the pros presented none of Mrs. Studley's truck drivers, they did include many pointedly plain females who aroused the outspoken distaste of the antis, as well as their suspicions as to sexual preferences.

PRIOR to the 1977 session, the Equal Rights Amendment had been before the Florida legislature on a half-dozen occasions. Only once was it actually voted on by both chambers—in 1975, when the House passed the bill and the Senate defeated it, 21–17. Rules committees, parliamentary maneuvers, and the House itself (in 1974) had beaten it back the rest of the time. The bill's best chance of passage may well have come in 1972, the first year of its consideration, when proponents caught the opposition unorganized and scored an overwhelming victory in the House. However, the Senate president managed to "lose" the bill. The speaker of the House sued him in the state supreme court and won, but by then the session was over.

The ERA fight has been waged largely by coalitions. In Florida, the pros have enlisted such organizations as Common Cause, the state nurses' association, the American Association of University Women, the Organization of Business and Professional Women, a variety of trade unions, and, of course, NOW and other feminist groups. Opponents have banded together as the Florida Federation of Women for Responsible Legislation. While the federation maintains an interest in all legislation aimed at women, its major goal is the defeat of the ERA. Assistance in the form of people and funds has come from many churches and from conservative organizations.

The John Birch Society has sponsored anti-ERA workshops in Florida, and its bookstore windows frequently contain the movement's signs and literature. The state Federation of Farm Bureaus has consistently lobbied against ratification of the amendment. (The citrus industry, despite singer Anita Bryant's publicized proclamations, has not been actively for or against.) Money and lobbying have been provided by the

A Woman's Place...

by Cynthia Griffin Wolff

"ANYTHING Gloria Steinem is for, I'm against," she muttered when I asked her about the ERA. The statement was offered as definitive; it was all she would say.

Unfettered by marital compromises, slim hips encased in pants, Gloria Steinem is Assertive, Provocative, Emphatic. One of her most vocal Florida opponents, Marabel Morgan (originator of the "Total Woman"), is strenuously and publicly married, engaged in preaching the duty of a wife's submission to the will and caprice of her husband. The contrast seems obvious: Steinem, tough and feline, her claws never fully sheathed; Marabel, swirling in full skirts, sunny, sparkling, and a little bit sappy. Nothing could be further from the truth.

For all Steinem's impudent insistence on the pervasive tyranny of male domination, she is an optimist at heart. She believes that it *is* possible for women to infiltrate the citadels of influence, that women's worth *will* eventually be rewarded. Hence she asks not for special concessions, but only for "equal rights." Marabel Morgan usually does not talk about politics at all; her pronouncements consist of relentlessly cheerful tips for putting "sizzle" (her word) back into dull marriages. Yet, behind the fixed smile and the Frederick's of Hollywood style is a pessimistic conviction that informs all of her strategies: men have direct access to money; men control the power structure of American society; the battlements will never yield to women. Direct opposition, confrontation, even obvious merit—all will inevitably fail.

This is, of course, a cold-eyed, no-nonsense political assessment, a grim vision of woman's place. However, if it should turn out to be a *correct* vision, then the only rational response might be to abandon all clamor for equal rights and settle for whatever indulgences you can cajole, whatever power you can usurp through manipulation. And manipulation is precisely the tactic that Marabel Morgan counsels in Total Womanhood.

It would be easy to dismiss the Total Woman movement as no more than some quirky regional phenomenon. In fact, Total Womanhood has proved as salable as panty hose in the supermarket; like a mocking response to the call for an Equal Rights Amendment, the voice of the Total Woman can now be heard throughout the land. Possibly it is the clarity of that underlying vision that compels such attention. After all, nobody doubts that the ERA will help *some* women—pretty women, young women, women who are well educated, and, above all, women who already have well-paying jobs and a chance to advance. However, most women don't ask, "Will it help 'them'?"; they ask, "Will it help *me*?" And for too many women, the answer is no.

Take the case of Dolores, who is forty-five and drives a school bus. She has never even heard of Total Womanhood, which is, perhaps, an avocation designed for those who have more leisure. Nevertheless, she is a sister under the skin to Marabel Morgan: both hold the same cynical estimation of women's options. "I look at the school," she shrugs matter-of-factly. "The teachers are all women, and the principal's a

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Bettye Lone

man. They won't change that with ERA. At the bank the women work behind the cages, and the men sit at desks. At the Stop and Shop they're checkers, and the manager's a man." As she talks, her body strains into anger at "them"—not at the men who have assumed all these privileged positions, but at the sleek, sophisticated women who expect her to throw away her pittance of hoarded feminine prerogatives for the sake of some amorphous cause, a cause from which she is convinced that she will never profit personally. "I drive a bus. What else could I do? Waitress, maybe. When I got my divorce, the judge gave me alimony till I got married again, and I still get child support for the kids. Now these women holler they want equal rights. Suppose the judge says to me, 'All right, you got equal rights. You support the kids.' Who needs them kind of rights?" Dolores is voluble, and her anxiety focuses into a distinct insistence. Yet there is a somber vulnerability in her aspect and tone: she is afraid of "them"—of all those "pushy" people who are trying to upset the complicated balance of compromises she has evolved. "These ERA women like to go overboard on things. I don't know any company that discriminates against women anyway. Do you?" She looks at me, wanting an answer. "Do you know of *any* company that *really* discriminates?"

"It would be easy to dismiss the Total Woman movement as a quirky phenomenon. In fact, it has proved as salable as panty hose in the supermarket."

I think of the litany she has just recited—school, bank, grocery store—and I look at Dolores herself, fully as capable as her husband (who holds a comfortable white-collar job and makes three times her wages). And in the end, I don't give any answer at all.

The younger women, college students who oppose the Equal Rights Amendment, are less willing to talk about their views. ("You won't let on who we are?" they keep insisting. "You won't mention any *names*?"—the peer pressure is almost unbearable for them.) All want marriage; all intend to have children; all come from families where the father was a successful businessman and the mother stayed at home. The regulations of the system as they perceive it are clear. Any man who wants to succeed in the corporate world will necessarily put his family's needs in second place. Wives and children accept this fact. And the problem of trying to fit the emotional and biological facts of motherhood into this model of success reduces them to incoherent discomfort. "You'd have to give up having babies," one says. "You could try to get a nurse. But then you'd never see your own children."

"If you were successful, your husband would resent you."

"If you weren't successful, it wouldn't be worth it anyway."

"What if you were sick while you were pregnant?"

Nothing like a sustained debate emerges.

"They're just fooling themselves when they talk about equal rights," one spits out with muted violence. "We're not equal; we never will be equal. We might as well be safe!" ◉

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Florida Conservative Union, largely through the efforts of one of its board members, a genial former state representative named Dave Smith. Nattily dressed and smelling of good cologne, the tanned, white-haired Smith directed the stop-ERA volunteers from the capitol rotunda and the Reservation Lounge at the Tallahassee Hilton, the legislators' favorite watering hole. (Smith delights in the title, awarded him by *The Miami Herald*, of "Florida's number one male chauvinist pig," which he says he earned by casting the nation's first legislative vote against the ERA, in 1972.)

Funding sources for the national anti-ERA campaign have been a matter of continuing speculation. Florida ERA proponents are convinced, without much evidence, that banks, insurance companies, and other major business institutions have given a lot of money to the opposition. One documented effort to fund the "stop" movement in Florida involved the nationwide Conservative Caucus, which sent out mass mailings for that purpose. The solicitations read, "If the ERA can be stopped, it *must* be stopped in Florida," and they contained the director's boast that he had "put all of the caucus's resources together to fight ERA" in North Carolina, where the measure lost by two votes in the House. While the caucus was making these power plays, Phyllis Schlafly and other national anti leaders were condemning President Carter and Vice-President Mondale for "interfering" with local procedures by telephoning legislators in numerous states to urge them to vote for the ERA.

In Florida, the White House was only a secondary issue for the antis, who have shrewdly tailored each state campaign to the particular aspects of the ERA that their sympathizers find most upsetting. In frontier-conservative Nevada, it was states' rights; in Indiana, Social Security, which the antis falsely claim would be severely damaged if the ERA is ratified. The Florida campaign centered on the double threats of unfettered homosexuality and the military draft of women.

Observers agree that churches, from the hierarchy down to the parish, were a critical element in organizing this year's Florida opposition. Although the fundamentalist churches took the lead, many other denominations were active also. Pastors excoriated the ERA from their pulpits, in newsletters, and at congregation meetings, focusing on such concerns as homosexuality and the ordination of women, both of which the amendment allegedly would legalize. Florida

Leavenworth Jackson

Confusion Among the Faithful

by Martin E. Marty

There is neither male nor female:
for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.
—Galatians 3:28

THE attitudes of American churches toward the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA) are at once puzzling and ironic. Take the Christian churches: given their religion's professed concern for human rights, ERA should, on the face of it, be a natural cause for these churches to support.

Yet matters haven't worked out that way. The major Christian groups either differ sharply on the amendment or ignore it altogether. Surprisingly, there seems to be no single doctrinal touchstone capable of resolving these differences in approach. In fact, the divergences between the churches that *have* taken a "pro" or "anti" position seem to turn less on theology than on such secular considerations as regional traditions and political ideology.

The Sunbelt—which is also the Churchbelt—stretching from the Deep South to Arizona, is the anti-ERA stronghold. The huge Southern Baptist Convention dominates there. True, a million or more Baptists may be linked with that denomination's best-known family, the Jimmy Carters, in support of ratification; but no one speaks for the entire body of the fiercely congregational Southern Baptists. Their Christian Life Commission (CLC) often speaks *to* them, but CLC spokesman Foy Valentine reports that organized Southern Baptist groups have not spoken up for the ERA or even taken it up. Understandably, he would also like it known that the noisiest opposition to ERA comes from

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Catholics became increasingly anti-ERA. At least one bishop spoke out publicly in opposition, and Catholic Women United bombarded legislators with mail and personal visits. Senators Phil Lewis and Edgar Dunn, Catholics, were subjected to such heavy pressure that proponents periodically dispatched a pro-ERA nun to pray with them and explain how a devout Catholic could be devoutly in favor of the amendment.

"Church people are the hardest in the world to motivate on public issues," says Shirley Spellerberg, a tall, motherly-looking Miamian who is president of the antis' Florida Federation. Motivation was provided last January by the passage of a homosexual rights ordinance in Dade County (Miami). The ordinance was supported by the liberals who support the ERA, and their timing could hardly have been worse. The specters of homosexual marriages, gay teachers proselytizing innocent students, and a multitude of unspeakable acts loomed above the rooftops of churches all over Florida, creating what Mrs. Spellerberg calls "the moral issue."

Standing in the capitol rotunda, Ginny Biggar, an earnest blond nurse from Fort Myers, explained, "Homosexuals cannot reproduce, they can only recruit—that's a known fact. The ERA would open the door to legalizing their lifestyle and allow them to approach young children openly."

Down the corridor, outside the Senate chamber, some 20 young women from northern Florida stood with signs reading "You Can't Fool Mother Nature" and "Don't Draft Our Girls." Many were students at a "Christian"—which in the South often means segregated—school, and they had been released from classes for the express purpose of protesting the ERA. When they proved inarticulate about the draft, their leader, a Baptist minister named Gene Keith, hurriedly entered the conversation: "We men would rather be the ones who go to war. Women should have a right to stay home." The young women nodded vigorously. Keith said he had preached against the ERA and had met with no objections from his congregation. "To be a good Christian, you have to be a good citizen," he said. "You can't separate the secular from the sacred"—an idea the framers of the Constitution might find alarming.

At the edge of this group stood Whitney Delk, a thirty-one-year-old "part-time college student" who had a special worry about women and the draft: "What would happen if

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the rightist fringe of the convention or from fundamentalists beyond the Southern Baptist borders. Old southern ideas about womanhood or ladyhood and old-fashioned constitutional conservatism may be chiefly responsible for anti-ERA sentiment on Baptist turf.

On the Sunbelt's border lie Utah and Colorado, the former a Latter-Day Saint, or Mormon, precinct, the latter a Mormon spillover territory that vigorously opposed the amendment a few months ago. Did not God predestine male-female differences to last through eternity? What would the ERA do to the father's power and to family life (Mormons are big on families), or to sex differentiation in the churches?

In the opposite camp are the United Methodists, who are also strong in states reluctant to ratify. Their national General Conference has supported the ERA since 1972, and most regional and local boards and bureaus have spoken up for it. The leadership of the 1.2-million-member women's division of Methodism recently asked their fellow Methodists, by a 70–3 vote, to avoid vacationing in these slow-to-ratify states.

In the ratifying states, Catholics, Jews, and "main-line Protestants" are strong. Catholics, who used to make up what comedian Lenny Bruce called "the only *The* Church," today are less a voting bloc than a two-party system. Pro-ERA Catholics find plenty of support in Vatican II and recent papal documents favoring equal rights and justice, but the Church has taken no stand. The Colorado battles found the Catholic Right busy against the ERA, with the Knights of Columbus and "Pro-Life" forces trying to link ERA with legalized abortion. Perhaps the most vocal anti-amendment speaker is the tireless Phyllis Schlafly, who finds Catholic arguments for her stand.

An organization called the Religious Committee for the Equal Rights Amendment has attracted 19 signatory groups, drawn from liberals and mainliners. To the left within the coalition are Unitarian Universalists, Friends, and the like. Vastly outnumbering them are the more moderate Church Women United, Lutheran Church Women, Church of the Brethren (and Sistren?), American Baptists, United Church of Christ, National Council of Churches, and sundry Presbyterian—including largely southern Presbyterian—representatives. The United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. supported the ERA in its General Assembly in 1970, 1974, and 1975. But the main-line churches lack some of their old power and zest at the moment. They lost some Sunday soldiers after the Sixties; the survivors are a bit gun-shy about social issues and seem tired of being seen as generals without armies, leadership without followership. A tinge of wariness and apathy accompanies their support.

Three groups that divide over the idea of ordaining women to the ministry have different attitudes toward the ERA. Jews are redrawing traditional sex-differentiating lines in the synagogue while their support of equal rights in the world around them seems unflagging. The Missouri Lutherans, the last major Lutheran holdouts on the "Women's Ordination" front, will this summer receive a "Theological Document" that calls members to seek justice and rights, but leans against ERA on grounds that sound like those of the Mormons. Probably most Episcopalians have favored ratification, but they have been too busy with internal affairs to take it up as a group. Even a "Women's Triennial" of the Episcopal folk did not have the amendment on the agenda.

However much leaders may bustle about on both sides of this issue, readers of the denominational press or observers of congregational life are likely to walk away with one clear impression: Equal rights for women commands a lower priority than equal rights for racial minorities did. Cautious or numbed, most church people seem to cherish the sidelines, while Methodist women advocate selective tourism and the Mormons and Phyllis Schlafly line up against the amendment in the name of their God and His—and they do mean His—sex-differentiating preferences. ◉

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Scholars at Odds

by Susan Schiefelbein

IT WOULD seem that the nation's constitutional scholars could simply turn to their tomes, arrive at a definitive interpretation of the Equal Rights Amendment (ERA), and silence the emotion-ridden rhetoric surrounding the issue once and for all. But unfortunately, a conclusive interpretation of the amendment is not to be had: academics are just as divided on the issues as the public at large.

On the face of it, the ERA seems clear enough:

> Equality of rights under the law shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any state on account of sex; Congress shall have the power to enforce by appropriate legislation the provisions of this Article.

Nevertheless, interpretations of these few simple statements seem poles apart.

Thomas I. Emerson, Lines Professor of Law at Yale and one of the authors of the *Yale Law Journal*'s mammoth dissertation on the ERA, says the amendment would forbid any law that differentiates solely on the basis of sex. "There are two qualifications to that rule," he explains. "The ERA will not prohibit laws that deal with unique physical characteristics—laws that pertain only to women, not to men; or vice versa." (The classic examples are laws that deal with women's capacity to bear children, and laws that regulate sperm banks.) The second qualification concerns the constitutional right to privacy. Hence, Emerson assures us, rest rooms will remain separate but equal.

Former senator Sam Ervin's interpretation of the ERA is quite different. The ERA will require lawmakers, he says, "to pretend sex doesn't exist." Ervin, regarded by many of his former colleagues as an expert on constitutional law, attempted in Congress to amend the amendment, holding that neither privacy nor physical differences automatically qualify as exceptions to the ERA rule. Physical differences, he says, are what gender is all about; if differentiation by gender is forbidden, physical difference *makes* no difference. Sexual offenses shall not be punishable as crimes. Since all marriage laws are based on sex, he continues, they will be invalid: fathers will be freed from primary responsibility for the support of their children; and homosexuals will be able to marry.

Paul Freund, Carl M. Loeb Professor at Harvard and one of the nation's most distinguished constitutional scholars, seems not as concerned with the definite effects of the ERA as he is with its indefinite implications. Among the amendment's murky points, he says, is the privacy qualification. Those who once wanted color-segregated rest rooms used privacy as their rallying cry, but the courts ruled that civil rights overrules privacy. Would they rule similarly for women's rights?

Other important issues also remain unclear, says Freund. What effect will the ERA have on insurance? Will women, despite the fact that they live longer, be denied lower rates? There's talk today about the inadequacies of the voluntary Army. Given the implications of the ERA for the draft, shouldn't the military issue have been more thoroughly discussed in Congress?

"The irreverent thought obtrudes itself," Freund wrote in the *Harvard Civil Rights–Civil Liberties Law Review*, "that either not every member of Congress has been adequately briefed on the amendment's implications, or not every member takes seriously the possibility of its ratification." The wiser course, he says, is to take "specific pills for specific ills" —to litigate single cases under the Equal Protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Good points. But inevitably, other scholars have countering points:

On civil rights and rest rooms: "The concept of privacy," Emerson says, "never applied to civil rights; it does, however, apply to intimate bodily functions." Ruth Bader Ginsburg, professor of law at Columbia University, adds, "There's a marvelous device that can solve this entire issue: a lock on the bathroom door."

On homosexual marriage: "Birch Bayh explained this issue thoroughly in Congress," Emerson contends. "There is nothing in the amendment that would invalidate laws against homosexual marriage. You can't prevent gays from litigating, but the purpose of the ERA is so clear that the courts would never rule in their favor."

On military service: Ginsburg says, "We are litigating cases now for women in the military who can't get promoted because they lack combat training. All the ERA says is that they must be judged on the basis of merit; women cannot be denied the opportunity to serve." Emerson states that this issue, too, "was expressly considered in Congress; it's been debated on four different occasions."

On marriage and support: Ginsburg and Emerson both hold that the ERA permits the husband and wife to decide between them who will earn the family's keep; support will no longer be the express obligation of the husband only. "If a husband and wife can't decide who will support the family," Emerson says, "the marriage will fall apart. But not because of the ERA. It would fall apart anyway."

On sexual crime: It is not true, Emerson says, that rape laws will be invalid. It will simply be illegal to forbid only a man to rape a woman. Laws would be rewritten to prohibit attack by a member of either sex.

As for the charge that the amendment is indefinite: "When you amend the Constitution," Emerson says, "you can't write a zoning bill. Equal protection and due process could also have led to unforeseen results. But the Constitution requires basic principles in broad language."

And so it goes: legal arguments are set up, then batted back and forth, constitutional experts contending that the ERA is too flexible, or that it is too rigid; that it hands the states' powers over to judges, or that it takes power from the judges and gives it to the people.

"If the amendment is not only a needless misdirection of effort in the quest for justice," Freund writes, "but one which would produce anomalies, confusion, and injustices, no symbolic value could justify its adoption."

The ERA, which would establish "philosophical truths as principles of law," is "constitutionally and legally sound," Emerson contends. It can stand on its merits alone. Nevertheless, he adds a haunting thought: "Its defeat will set back a woman's situation considerably." ◉

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women became prisoners of war? Can you imagine? I asked a girl in my class who's for the ERA about that, and she really got tight about it. She wouldn't talk to me."

FLORIDA'S unique political mixture blends large numbers of red-necks, blacks, Jewish liberals, anti-Castro Cubans, Latin migrant workers, and middle- and upper-middle-class retirees from the Northeast and Midwest. The northern half of the state is essentially Deep South, while sections of the Miami area are the Bronx with sunshine. Until legislative reapportionment, the Florida government was controlled by "pork choppers," conservatives from the rural northern districts. Reapportionment brought radical changes, with Miami and other large cities shedding their political shackles. But "neo-pork-choppism" remains a potent legislative force, especially in the smaller and less equitably apportioned Senate.

The Florida House was ready to pass the ERA again this year. The question was, could it pass the Senate? Would the pork choppers and other conservatives, who control key Senate committees, even permit it to reach a floor vote?

"While feminists and female legislators may 'deserve' to direct the battle, they are seldom the best people for the job."

The pro- and anti-amendment campaigns peaked in early April, with mass mailings, emotional rallies around the state, personal visits to wavering senators by groups of lobbyists-for-a-day, and ever blunter threats of revenge against legislators who were voting the wrong way. Any senator aspiring to higher office was a special target; you may satisfy your own district on the ERA, the message was, but we'll clobber you when you run statewide. One side's "pressure tactic" was the other side's "democracy in action." Thus, on the first day of the session, after Phyllis Schlafly had harangued a crowd on the capitol steps, a local leader of the antis urged the crowd to go straight inside and "let those people know how you feel." The women who poured into the legislative offices were so abrasive that the president of the Senate, an opponent of the amendment, scolded them on the chamber floor.

If the antis occasionally lost ground by being too pushy, the pros lost far more by being unsophisticated in legislative politics. Across the nation, ERA proponents, armed with what they regard as the righteousness of their cause, have neglected the political tactics by which any cause must be advanced. They also have placed most of their state campaigns in the hands of feminist activists and female legislators.

These are grave mistakes. Righteousness does not make effective legislative politics. And while feminists and female legislators may "deserve" to direct the battle, they are seldom the best people for the job—the former because their ideological commitment is ill-suited to a political arena, the latter because they are vastly outnumbered, relatively inexperienced, and on this issue seldom willing to make the routine trade-offs that would improve the chances of success.

"The proponents talk about 'educating' the legislators," says Bill Harrington, a field organizer who has taken part in several pro-ERA campaigns. "We call that tea party politics. You've got to politicize those people. Only about one-third of a legislature really believes in an issue like the ERA. The others are political votes, and you have to go after them politically." The use of coalitions in itself, Harrington and others feel, has damaged the ERA's prospects: "In Missouri, the coalition screwed around so much that a first-term woman senator wound up introducing the bill. In Nevada, they let an opponent introduce it."

In Florida, the leadership of the all-important Senate campaign was handed to Senator Lori Wilson of Cocoa Beach. As one of two females in the Senate and the lone independent in the entire legislature, Mrs. Wilson has limited clout. Several of her male colleagues, including a couple of the most powerful senators, were willing to take on the leadership role, but the coalition decided that a woman had to fill that position. In addition, the coalition operated on the principle that its grass-roots lobbyists at the capitol should always act in a "quiet and professional" manner, as one leader put it. Bill Harrington disagrees: "It's okay to be pushy. The politicians may not like it, but that's the language they respect."

AS THE pressures mounted, several senators switched sides on the ERA. For some, it marked a dangerous reversal of the position they had taken during their election campaigns. Among this group was Kenneth H. ("Buddy") MacKay, forty-four, a soft-spoken lawyer and citrus grower who represents an essentially conservative north-central district. A Democrat and self-styled "thinking man's conservative"—he has supported educational reform and no-fault insurance—MacKay is known among his fellow legislators and the press for thoughtfulness and integrity; in eight years in the House and Senate, he has won seven Most Valuable Member awards. But he is in big trouble in his home district for having changed to a yes position on the ERA.

Sitting in his office on the eve of the vote, MacKay reflected on his political situation. He had opposed the ERA originally, he said, because he had feared "federal preemption" of state powers: Florida already had enacted a "little ERA" of its own. Since then he's come to believe that women's rights is a national issue and that most southern states, if left to themselves, would not protect those rights. His anti-ERA constituents have told him he is supposed to represent only his district's views, "but the process of amending the U.S. Constitution requires that I think in terms of the federal system."

In late February, MacKay announced his new position. Since then he and "Pete" Skinner, his senatorial colleague from the same district, have been subjected to a steady stream of abuse. Skinner was threatened with bodily harm, and MacKay's wife, who opposes the ERA, received a series of phone calls and letters urging her to put pressure on him.

During the first few days of the session, there was intensive maneuvering in the Senate over the ERA bill. The proponents developed strategies for bypassing the Rules Committee, which had the power and the votes to keep the bill from reaching the floor. They also tried to float a substitute measure that would set up a straw vote referendum on the issue, thereby allowing skittish senators to duck it until the public had spoken. The opponents deliberated on whether or not to pass any ERA bill out of Rules. Not to do so would mean risking adverse public reaction. But they would have taken the risk had they not been confident that the bill was

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China's War on the Mind

Now a vast cultural graveyard, China draws on its Golden Age for set pieces fitted to the "truth" of the moment

by Simon Leys

THE death warrant of Chinese intellectual life was given by Mao Tse-tung in Yenan, in 1942, when he delivered his famous "Talk on Arts and Letters." This clearly expressed resolution was applied in ever widening circles: from the "rectification movement" of 1951–52 to the Hu Feng purge of 1955 to the repression of the "Hundred Flowers" in 1957 to the gigantic purges of the Cultural Revolution. The war against the mind has become larger, but it has not changed in nature or direction. Between purges, various factors (practical, technological, even diplomatic) require the reactivation of this or that cultural sector, but these truces are motivated by tactical imperatives and express no change in the regime's cultural policy.

China's cultural blackout is nowhere more evident than in the book trade. A few classical titles—perhaps a dozen or fifteen out of tens of thousands in the whole of Chinese literature—have been symbolically republished, but not many copies are printed and they are sold out a month after being issued. A few artistic and literary works of the traditional type have also been published: printed usually in several *hundred* copies, the bulk of the editions are intended for export (mainly to Hong Kong). In China itself, they can be found almost nowhere except in the bookshops you see in the lobbies of hotels reserved for foreigners. Sometimes a copy can be located in a Chinese bookshop, but then it is

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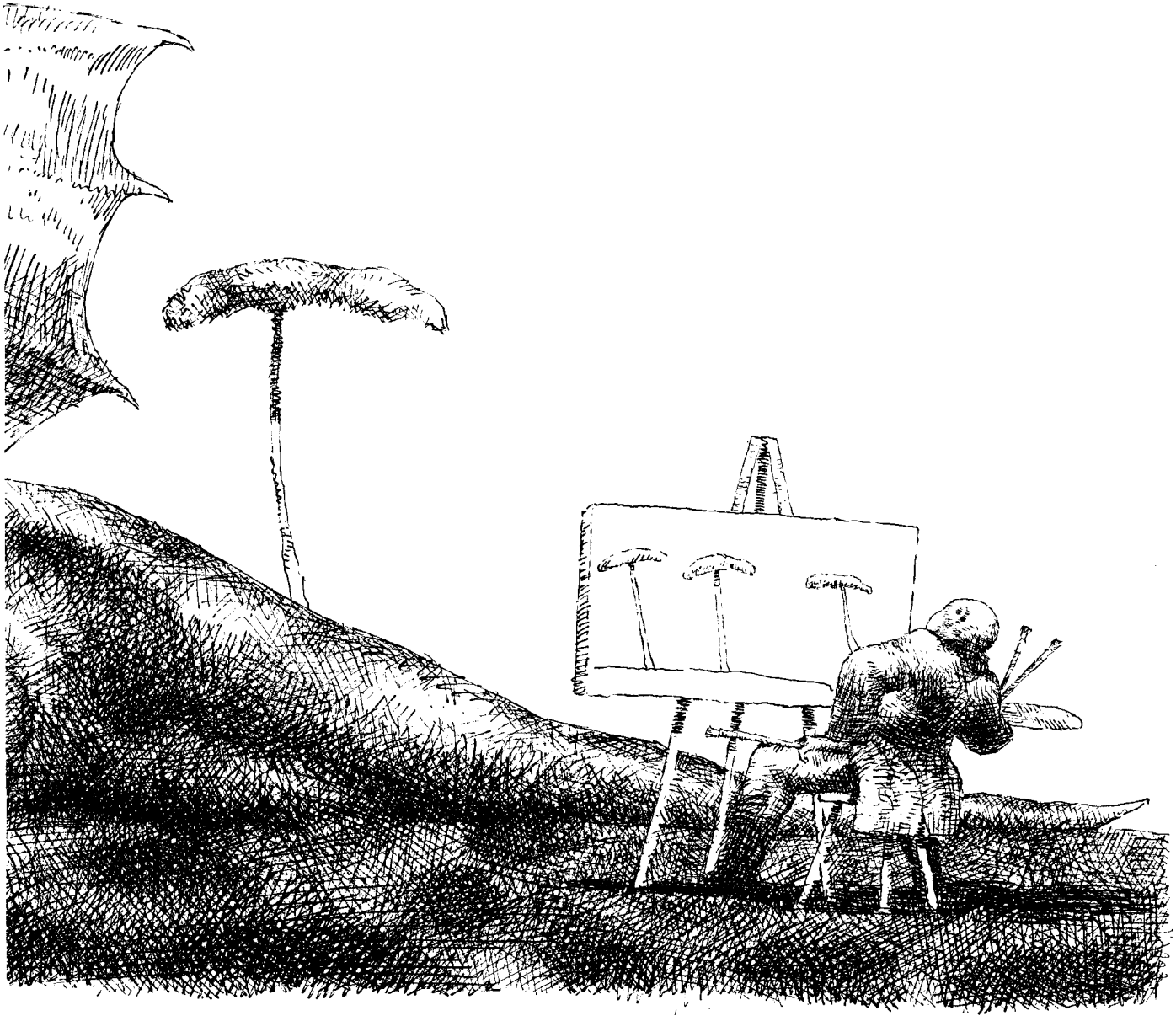

Brad Holland

kept in a special glass case, locked, of course, offered to the curious public somewhat like a two-headed calf pickled in formaldehyde and shown off in a glass bottle. We should note that the price for this kind of book (for a middle-class official it would be two or three months' salary) keeps the proletarian reader safe from its pernicious influence. If you *really* want a copy, you must ask the shop attendant; she goes to the back and discreetly searches, as if it were a pornographic work that could not be left lying around. Nine times out of ten, you are told it is sold out.

Bookshops have completely changed their interior layout: they are now set up like pharmacies, with a counter between the customers and the shelves. On those shelves, which only attendants can reach, only a few dozen titles are displayed, but since the shop must appear to be full with even this scant choice, books are put flat on the shelves, in lines, with the same title repeated endlessly, like sardine cans or tins of peas of the same brand in a supermarket. The bulk of the stuff is of course the works of Mao, then the fathers of the Marxist doctrine, and the complete works of Stalin, Kim Il Sung, and Enver Hoxha; children's comics and technical books are also well represented. Meanwhile, nearly all of Chinese literature—one of the most varied, rich, and ancient in the world—has been eliminated. When one thinks that it is impossible today to find in the capital city of China just a simple copy of such a basic and popular book as *Three Hundred Poems of the T'ang Dynasty*, one is overcome by vertigo and rage. This rage becomes a holy fear when one visits the National Library in Peking, where *all traces of twentieth-century literary and historical works that do not conform to Maoist orthodoxy have simply vanished.*

It is easy to see that such an atmosphere is not very conducive to intellectual life. Since the end of the Cultural Revolution, about two dozen new titles have been published, mostly collective efforts, short stories written by groups of "soldiers, peasants, and workers." The nature and tone of this production is well summarized in an article from a new Chinese literary monthly, *Kwangtung wen-yi.* In its first issue, in 1973, it welcomed contributions from its readers and defined the kind of literature that alone is authorized:

Our publication welcomes all manuscripts which fulfill the following conditions:

All novels, essays, articles, works of art, which present in a

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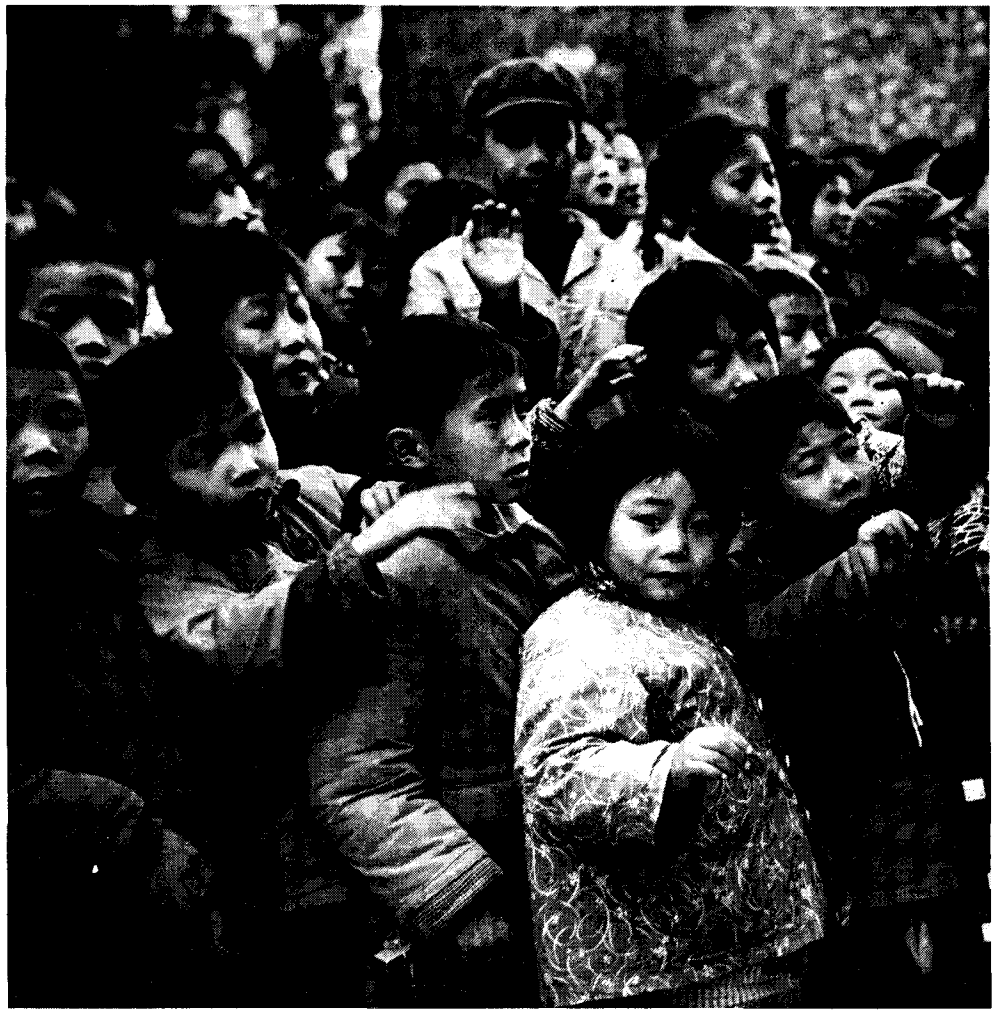

Betty La Duke

"School attendance has greatly and steadily improved since 1949; a larger and larger percentage of children *can* go to school; illiterates are far less numerous than formerly. But if so many more people have access to books, there are a thousand times fewer books. Parallel to the efforts to wipe out illiteracy, other efforts have been made, no less efficient, to blot out nearly all of the non-Maoist Chinese cultural world."

healthy way a revolutionary content. They must: (1) exalt with deep and warm proletarian feelings the great Chairman Mao; exalt the great, glorious, and infallible Chinese Communist party; exalt the great victory of the proletarian revolutionary line of Chairman Mao; (2) following the examples of the model revolutionary operas, strive with zeal to create peasant and worker heroes; (3) on the theme of the struggle between the two lines, reflect the people's revolutionary struggle, which has lasted for half a century under the leadership of our party, and, especially, the unbroken revolutionary struggle fought under the aegis of the dictatorship of the proletariat; reflect the unanimous struggle of the population of our province [Kwangtung, in this case] following the direction given by Chairman Mao, and the unfolding of that struggle in its victorious progression.

In short, as the humorists of *Tel Quel* (a fashionable but narrowly distributed periodical of the Parisian-Maoist intelligentsia) would say, "Power to the intelligence." Again, what a bitter derision to contrast that drivel with the following luminous and cutting text from the essay "The Divergent Ways of Literature and Politics," by early-twentieth-century social critic Lu Hsün, whom everyone is supposed to study, but whom nobody, apparently, ever bothers to read:

In Canton, I once quarreled with a "revolutionary" writer (today in Canton, they consider that there is no literature but revolutionary literature, and only phrases like "Forward! Forward! Forward! To death! To death! To death! Revolution! Revolution! Revolution!" are considered revolutionary), making him note that literature and revolution do not easily go together—although in literature there are such things as "literary revolutions." Anybody who wants to have to do with literature must have some free time; when one is fully engaged in revolution, how can one find the leisure to bother with literature . . . ? When literature finally appears again, it is only a good long time after the success of a revolution. After the revolutionary victory, there is leisure again. *Then one finds writers who exalt revolution, celebrate the revolution, but this has nothing to do with revolutionary literature. Their celebration and exaltation of revolution is nothing but celebration of those who are in power: what relation can that have with revolution?* However, perhaps at that time writers will be found with more sensitive antennae, who once again will feel dissatisfied with the situation of their time; they will stand up and speak. Before the victory of revolution, revolutionaries approve of writers doing that, but from the moment the revolution succeeds, politicians start to use against writers all the old methods that former oppressors used before, and if the writers go on expressing their dissatisfaction, there is nothing to do but crush them or cut off their heads. Decapitation is still the ideal method, as it has been since the nineteenth century, more or less, such is the general trend of universal culture.

Lu Hsün's concept of the writer's role and his pessimistic lucidity about the writer's chances of survival "after the victory of revolution" prefigure Orwell's apocalyptic vision; but Lu Hsün only experienced an archaic and primitive despotism (the Kuomintang's, which even for its tortures had

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"This artistic, subtle, opera-mad people, which had at its disposal one of the widest theatrical repertories in the world, has been reduced, on Madame Mao's prescription, to the strict regimen of six feeble Punch-and-Judy shows."

to borrow its trappings from the dusty closets of the old empire), whereas Orwell viewed totalitarianism at first hand, which helped him push his analysis further, as in these lines from his essay "Inside the Whale":

Almost certainly we are moving into an age of totalitarian dictatorships—an age in which freedom of thought will be at first a deadly sin and later on a meaningless abstraction. The autonomous individual is going to be stamped out of existence. But this means that literature, in the form in which we know it, must suffer at least a temporary death. The literature of liberalism is coming to an end and the literature of totalitarianism has not yet appeared and is barely imaginable. As for the writer, he is sitting on a melting iceberg; he is merely an anachronism, a hangover from the bourgeois age, as surely doomed as the hippopotamus. . . . [But] from now onwards the all-important fact for the creative writer is going to be that this is not a writer's world. That does not mean that he cannot help to bring the new society into being, but he can take no part in the process *as a writer*. For *as a writer* he is a liberal, and what is happening is the destruction of liberalism.*

The Chinese people remain thirsty for culture. The rapidity with which reprints of classical novels (*The Three Kingdoms, The Water Margin, The Journey to the West, The Dream of the Red Chamber*) disappeared from the bookshops almost the moment they last came out bears witness to that thirst, made all the worse by five years of total drought. Nevertheless, the quality of literary education is declining steadily. Differences among various age groups are startling: Chinese who are now over thirty (meaning those who finished secondary school and then university in the 1950s and early 1960s), though not comparable to prior generations educated under the old regime, still have access to a culture that has become an alien world for the youths who finished school right after the Cultural Revolution. School attendance has greatly and steadily improved since 1949; a larger and larger percentage of children *can* go to school; illiterates are far less numerous than formerly. But if so many more people have access to books, there are a thousand times fewer books. Parallel to the efforts to wipe out illiteracy, other efforts have been made, no less efficient, to blot out nearly all of the non-Maoist Chinese cultural world; and we come to the paradoxical point where young members of the new ruling elite have less culture than many illiterates or semiliterates under the old regime. The latter were at least familiar with that (not negligible) part of Chinese history and literature made popular in operas and ballads and by traditional storytellers—types of spontaneous popular culture that the regime has eradicated. The most radical reform of writing, the replacing of Chinese characters by a phonetic transcription of them in roman letters—a decision of enormous importance for 800 million people—was simply decided without any public debate, on the sole basis of a Mao saying. Of course it will take some time before the decision can be effectively carried out; technical problems and all the inertial forces of passive resistance will fend off, but not change, the inevitable conclusion. This reform of writing will allow the Maoist powers to do at one stroke and for good what a hundred cultural revolutions with all their autos-da-fé could not do: make all that has been thought, felt, and written in China from antiquity until the present day uncommunicable and unreadable for all future generations of Chinese—with the exception of the literature that, having found grace in the

*From "Inside the Whale" by George Orwell, published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

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eyes of the Chinese government, will be adapted as the authorities wish for transposition and publication in alphabetic writing.

In theater and music the situation is just as dismaying. Only one symphonic creation is performed and broadcast (without surcease): *Yellow River*, a concerto for piano and orchestra, which is in fact only a remake of a work written during the war years. In 1972, while on a trip in the provinces, I heard the dean of our group compliment the pianist who had interpreted this mediocre Rachmaninoff pastiche for us (it is brought up to date by some bars from the "Internationale"). I asked him what other pieces he had in his repertory. The pianist made this disarmingly sober reply: "None."

Chinese traditional opera has been totally eliminated; one must perhaps know its once central place in Chinese life to appreciate the void created by its disappearance. The passion that the Chinese masses had for opera had no counterpart anywhere in the world. No ceremony, no celebration, no solemn or joyful or exceptional circumstance in life was complete without some piece of opera. The way in which daily speech was filled with expressions and metaphors taken from the stage clearly attested to the hold that theater had over life; a Chinese sociologist has most convincingly described how the Chinese tend to look at human behavior in terms of role-playing and to consider themselves somewhat as actors playing their own existence. As I noted above, the opera was also a mode of cultural popularization for illiterates, who, thanks to it, enjoyed a real intimacy with the main figures in various episodes of China's 3,000-year-old history. And of course it was for that very reason condemned to death: its prestige kept alive the influence of China's past on Chinese feelings and imagination.

Chinese traditional opera was killed off by stages. First it was made aseptic and academic. In the old days, Chinese opera houses had a kind of joyful slovenliness, a popular, warm, living atmosphere. The dangerously expert audience booed and applauded with absolutely no inhibition. The Maoist authorities, who fear nothing so much as spontaneous mass happenings (which might always degenerate into uncontrollable avalanches), put the houses in order and started by reeducating the audience: the audience was no longer allowed to roar its enthusiastic "*Hao!*" after each virtuoso piece, but was directed to clap only as the curtain fell, in Western academic fashion. It took some years to reform age-old public habits: when the connoisseurs—and in places like Peking everybody was a connoisseur—showed signs of being overcome by their former intoxication and when in the pressure cooker of a really good audience the *Haos* started rocketing about as they had in the good old days, small red light panels marked "SILENCE" would start to blink furiously in the four corners of the auditorium.

After managing to kill life in the audience, the authorities then killed it on the stage. The repertory was weeded out; plays esteemed licentious or reactionary were eliminated; only works that gave moral or heroic lessons remained, and most of those had to be rewritten. But even *these*, playing to newly disciplined audiences, were more than the authorities could bear. Since the Cultural Revolution, *all* the traditional operas have disappeared, and we have only the half-dozen "Model Revolutionary operas on contemporary themes." For nearly eight years now, this artistic, subtle, opera-mad people, which had at its disposal one of the widest theatrical repertories in the world, has been reduced, on Madame Mao's prescription, to the strict regimen of these six feeble Punch-and-Judy shows, where the only "revolutionary" daring is to maneuver onstage, to languorous, saxophonic, Khachaturian-like music, platoons of the People's Liberation Army complete with banners and wooden rifles.

Radio, television, and cinema all help to give this catastrophic grotesqueness a nightmarish ubiquity, and its multirepetition, every day, all week, months on end, throughout the year, is a saturation that brings on nausea, a screaming boredom. It is another paradox of a regime that prides itself on fostering the "creative spirit of the masses" that it has deliberately killed a folk art par excellence and replaced it with an academic formula imposed from on high. Everything is minutely regulated in these miserable, stereotyped "operas" to ensure a rigorously uniform staging throughout the country and to prevent any kind of local adaptation or improvisation. Nothing could be more rigidly conventional or academic: the play will be the same whether enacted in Shenyang, Canton, or Wuhan; whether played by professionals, amateurs, soldiers, cripples, children, deaf-mutes, or what have you. Everything is identical: every gesture, every detail of decor and costumes—down to the number, color, and placement of the patches on the trousers of this or that "poor peasant." Nothing is left to chance or to the initiative of the directors.

INTELLECTUALS by definition having the function of critical examiners, it is easy to understand why the totalitarian state cannot tolerate their existence. For public relations reasons it will still need a few academics—they can easily be recruited among intellectuals who give up—but the survival of intellectuals in the original sense of the word, that is, as uncompromising witnesses to truth, is no longer conceivable.

When truth is whatever has been provisionally decreed by the propaganda department of the party's Central Committee, when intellectuals are simply (directly or indirectly) paid employees of the department, it is inevitable that any changes in China's cultural life as a whole are nothing but tactical ups and downs with no real significance. The value of an old monument, of a historical document, of a traditional or a "revolutionary" play, of a literary or an artistic work, even of a sports competition or a new surgical technique, is always and exclusively determined by how useful it will be as a piece of propaganda serving the (variable) "truth" of the moment.

The leaders of China manipulate the people cynically, but the people are still the country's only capital. If, despite all the stupid cruelties of politics, China still remains faithful to itself—subtle, human, so supremely civilized—it is due to them. They, the ordinary, the lowly, the anonymous, maintain China, despite the bureaucrats, and forbid us to despair of the future. They have buried 20 dynasties; they [may] also bury this one. They have not changed. As usual, they are patient, they are not in a hurry: they know so much more than those who rule over them! ◉

From *Chinese Shadows* by Simon Leys. English translation copyright © Viking Penguin, Inc., 1977.

Simon Leys is the pen name of Pierre Ryckmans, a Belgian scholar specializing in Chinese literature and art history.

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Books

China Culture Watch

In the People's Republic
by Orville Schell
Random House, 269 pp., $8.95

The Chinese
by Alain Peyrefitte
Translated from the French
by Graham Webb
Bobbs-Merrill, 416 pp., $15

Comrade Chiang Ch'ing
by Roxane Witke
Little, Brown, 549 pp., $15

Reviewed by Jerome Alan Cohen

WHEN it comes down to knowing anything about the attitudes of the Chinese people toward their government or understanding how the political process operates at the highest levels of the Chinese Communist party, solid information is at a premium. These three new books—each in its own way—seek to meet our need for greater understanding of China and its people.

Orville Schell's *In the People's Republic* is the most modest. Although the latest in a succession of fine traveler's accounts of China, it is nonetheless somewhat disappointing. The author appears to have gained relatively little benefit from the opportunity, granted to only a favored few visitors, of working for several weeks in a factory and then on a model farm. The fault is not Schell's, for his group's restricted access to selected workers and peasants did not permit many unusual insights into their lives.

Schell's group was, of course, well instructed about the impressive economic and social accomplishments of the People's Republic, but Schell was nevertheless dismayed that the information was always given out routinely and that the questions the group members asked were often evaded or answered superficially. The steady diet of formal meetings and receptions left him "gasping for a more tangible kind of contact. . . ."

Schell, a China scholar and sensitive observer, rightly worries that those who have gushed uncritically over the new China may fail to perceive the seamy side of revolutionary rule, as did the early admirers of the Soviet Union. Yet he tries to restrain what he calls the American penchant for concentrating on the flaws in a foreign system while neglecting its overall virtues.

Schell's honest attempts to strike a balance are not as profound as Alain Peyrefitte's. An anthropologist turned diplomat and government minister, Peyrefitte led a study mission to China in 1971, when he was president of the French National Assembly's Commission of Cultural and Social Affairs. His book, *The Chinese*, is no mere dated travelogue, but a comprehensive effort, written in the tradition of Edgar Snow, to describe and assess the Promethean human adventure presided over by Mao Tse-tung for a generation.

Like increasing numbers of Western visitors, Peyrefitte feels frustrated by the barriers to understanding erected by the regime. "The visible face of China is minuscule compared with her invisible one." And although he is not a China specialist, extensive reading has made him aware that "people in the West lurch from fear to enthusiasm and back again, hardly ever managing to reach a balanced judgment."

Not so Peyrefitte. After thoughtfully recounting the major features of the country's transformation, he devotes a final section—"The Price of Success"—to the

Chiang Ch'ing and Mao, after eleven years of marriage, poring over papers in a cave dwelling (spring 1949).

Courtesy of Chiang Ch'ing

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high costs of bringing about this transformation. He makes no bones about the periodic terror, the "appalling coercion and constraint," and the totalitarian indoctrinating techniques of a "single party, an organized youth movement, a leader cult, the regulation of opinion, and a general system of remote-control command" that he compares to both Nazism and Stalinism.

This comparison will infuriate Chinese spokesmen who claim that China is the country where human rights are best preserved and denounce the U.S.S.R. for oppressing its people and maintaining a Gulag Archipelago for dissenters. Actually, although most Americans choose to ignore the fact, China's labor camps confine not thousands but millions of dissidents, and its ubiquitous public security apparatus imposes restraints on countless more.

Yet Peyrefitte properly admonishes us not to define "human rights" too narrowly and to recall that China's needs are not necessarily ours. He goes even further:

> The Chinese people had never known freedom in the Western sense of the word. They would probably not have been able to achieve anything if, at the very moment when the greatest sacrifices were being demanded of them, they had thought of doing away with the restrictions to which they were accustomed. . . . The majority of Chinese are less repelled by dictatorial methods; they consider them inevitable and perhaps even fairly natural.

This last point may well be true. But how can the author know? As he himself concedes, Western intellectuals often forget the attractions of freedom "because they already enjoy it." He notes that there are hints of silent distress everywhere ("on many occasions . . . secrets and confidences seemed to pass from eye to eye") and that evidence suggests that millions of Chinese would emigrate if they were allowed to. This does not mean, of course, that they are preparing to revolt. As Peyrefitte puts it: "Thinking Chinese are perhaps not too enthusiastic, but even they are more inclined to adapt without illusions than to rebel without hope." Nor should we assume that the Chinese people, if free to choose, would either bring back the Nationalist regime now on Taiwan or establish a Western-style democracy.

More than anything else, the governing of the People's Republic has been marked by secrecy, and, although her isolation originally made sense, if it is allowed to continue, China's economic and technological progress will surely be hindered. As Peyrefitte explains the irony of the situation: "In order to ensure the success of this revolution, China had to intensify her isolation, and by remaining isolated she runs the risk of seeing her backwardness return."

Even more potentially destructive is the Chinese Communists' failure to maintain institutions and procedures for resolving domestic political conflict. Struggles among the party leadership have always been kept mysterious until after their resolution, when the winners distribute a largely fabricated version of events. The death of Mao exacerbated what was already a constitutional crisis. As Peyrefitte wisely observes: "There is nothing weaker than a strong regime; it is always at the mercy of conspirators. Its existence does not depend on the legitimate votes of its citizens, but on obscure, haphazard seraglio intrigues."

The latest intrigue denounced is none other than that of the "Gang of Four," the conspiracy allegedly headed by Chiang Ch'ing, Chairman Mao's widow, and her three Shanghai-based allies who skyrocketed to fame and power during the Cultural Revolution of 1966—69. The aim of these "ultra-Rightists" and "counter-revolutionary revisionists," we are now told by the Hua Kuo-feng government, was to usurp power from Hua, who claims to be Mao's designated successor, and to install Chiang Ch'ing as party chairman, empress of China in her own right.

Among the gang's "towering crimes," it is charged, is the fact that "they worshiped things foreign, fawned on foreigners, and maintained illicit foreign relations, engaging in flagrant activities of capitulationism and national betrayal." Chiang is alleged to have personally pursued glory by giving party and state secrets to a foreigner. This accusation is based on the 60 hours of extraordinary near monologue that she delivered to an American historian of China, Roxane Witke. Witke, who had obtained an invitation to visit China to study the women's movement, was selected by Chiang in 1972 to tell the world her story, much as Mao had given Edgar Snow the remarkable series of interviews in 1936 that became *Red Star Over China* and established Mao as a world figure.

The Witke caper undoubtedly contributed to Mao's reported rift with his wife during his final years and to his alleged warning to party stalwarts about her "wild ambitions." It also brought on intensifying Chinese efforts to press Witke to drop the book, first by withholding promised transcripts of all but the initial meeting and then by mobilizing a variety of financial and other inducements.

Witke could have turned her unique opportunity into a journalistic quickie, capitalizing on the power and status that Chiang Ch'ing enjoyed in 1972. She preferred instead to work for years on *Comrade Chiang Ch'ing*, a book she calls a "labor of historical reconstruction," one that not only adds the author's observations of Chiang "as a person and raconteur" but also places Chiang's confusing, controversial, and self-serving recollections in historical context. Witke could not have anticipated that Chiang would fall from grace in sensational circumstances and thereby convert her "history of the revolution largely from Comrade Chiang Ch'ing's point of view" into the media event that it has become.

It is hard to categorize the result. Witke's skillful evocation of crucial periods in the growth of Chinese Communism brings history to life. Yet parts of the book are incomplete and distorted, such as the section that deals with Chiang's attempts to demonstrate that she was not simply an actress who rose to political stardom via the Chairman's casting couch but was a sincere revolutionary even during her Shanghai theater days in the mid-1930s —a claim that the current leadership has sought to discredit. It is not always clear what is fact and what is fiction, and specialists may be disappointed at the paucity of reliable revelations.

Nevertheless, *Comrade Chiang Ch'ing*, as told to Roxane Witke, vividly conveys Chiang's impoverished childhood, the complex maneuverings of revolutionary plotters against Kuomintang suppression, life in the Communist mountain stronghold of Yenan during the anti-Japanese war, the hardships of the final years of civil war, and the Byzantine conspiracies that have flourished among what outsiders used to think was a cohesive revolutionary elite. Witke also makes clear how enormous was the task that confronted Chiang in the 1960s, when she transformed what even then was China's relatively rich and varied cultural life into a monolithic revolutionary model. Controlling every aspect of music, drama, opera, ballet, and film proved a formidable challenge for a formidable woman. The lot of a tyrant may not be easy, but in this case it offers fascinating reading. ◉

Jerome Alan Cohen is director of East Asian legal studies and associate dean of Harvard Law School. His latest book is China Today, *coauthored with Joan Lebold Cohen.*

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The Novel as Poem

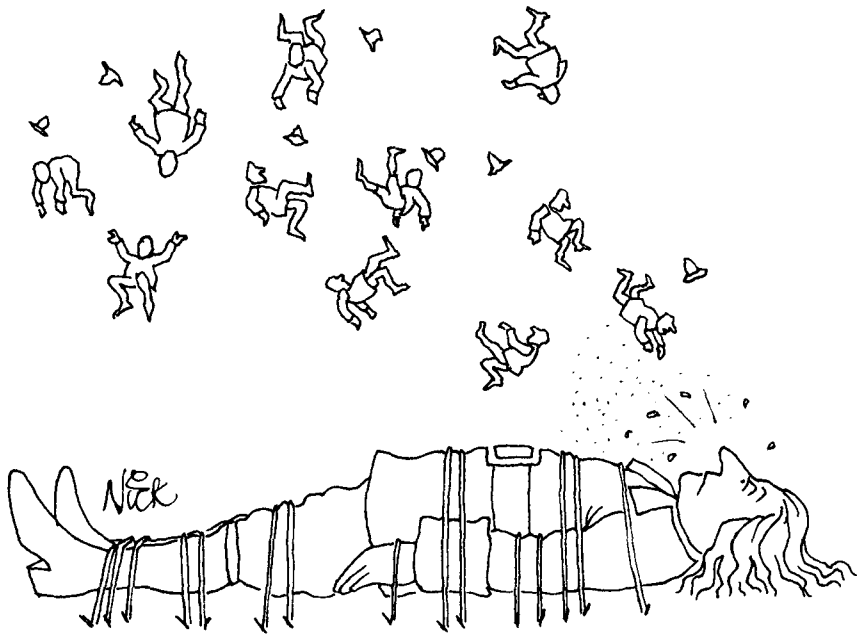
A Moment of True Feeling
by Peter Handke
Translated by Ralph Manheim
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 131 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Stanley Kauffmann

THE wonderful young Austrian writer Peter Handke—he is now only thirty-five—was first published in this country in 1970. *Kaspar and Other Plays* went largely unnoticed at the time, but already much of what's in the book is widely held to be a permanent addition to dramatic literature. The succeeding books of Handke that appeared here were obviously by the same man and obviously different. His novel *The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick* (1972) departed from the existentialist symbol of *Kaspar* for madness as modern metaphor. (With Handke's help, *The Goalie's Anxiety* was made into a fine film in Germany.) His next novel, *Short Letter, Long Farewell* (1974), was about a young Austrian writer traveling in America—a metaphysical thriller conveyed, as so much young European art is, through the strophes of American pop culture. Two books of poems, *The Innerworld of the Outerworld of the Innerworld* (1974) and *Nonsense and Happiness* (1976), seemed like flowers picked along the way. Handke's meditation on his mother's suicide, *A Sorrow Beyond Dreams* (1974), must surely stand as one of the best European prose works since the war. (A pedestrian staged reading of it was done in New York last season and was hailed enthusiastically. Most of the press was ignorant of the fact that it was not a play but an adaptation of a previously published book.)

If all this seems quite a lot, please note that not all of Handke's past work has been translated and that he has already published more work in Germany since the latest translation here under review. But last winter we got another volume of his plays, *The Ride Across Lake Constance and Other Plays*, at least one of which—*They Are Dying Out*—should in time get much the same recognition as *Kaspar*.

Stanley Kauffmann is the film and theater critic of The New Republic. *His latest book is* Persons of the Drama.



"Gesundheit!"

A Moment of True Feeling, the new translation, is a short novel set in Paris. These facts are quintessential. All Handke's prose works have been relatively short: the very physical shapes of his books are statements of view about the function of writing today—intensity and compactness rather than a large, embracing world for the reader to sink into. And the Parisian setting means that the protagonist, an Austrian, is a stranger in a place with which he is nevertheless quite familiar. (Handke himself has lived in Paris. "The End of Idling," a long poem in *Nonsense and Happiness*, is set there.)

Gregor Keuschnig is a press attaché at the Austrian embassy, married, with a four-year-old daughter. His routine is to get to his office by 7:00 A.M. for an early start in his work of scrutinizing the French press for references to Austria; to make a midday visit to his mistress, a widow with two children; then more work; then home. The day and a half that we spend with him are, as the title indicates, a peak in his life, but Keuschnig does not have the kind of sensibility for which routine could ever be level and snug. He *sees* his life.

The difference in this day and a half, along with the scale on which the difference is built, is indicated in the opening line: "Who has ever dreamed that he has become a murderer and from then on has only been carrying on with his usual life for the sake of appearances?" That dream—of murdering an old woman—is what alerts Keuschnig to a sense of crisis in his life. He has a number of other dreams in the book, including one of dancing with his mother. (It's difficult to separate this dream and the first one from what Handke has written about his own life.) The entire book is situated between dreaming and waking and is further complicated by the fact that through all his waking moments Keuschnig carries a dreaming self within him as he takes his buses and subways, sits at his desk, strolls, sleeps with his friend. This dreaming self doesn't in itself make Keuschnig unique—very few of us do not carry a secret fantast within us as we move through the day—but Handke's fiercely perceptive account of Keuschnig's *triple* state, dreams plus double waking life, gives the book a unique quality: not wooziness or vagueness, but extreme clarity. Every picture, every glance, every fantasizing reaction is cut in crystal.

During the course of the book Keuschnig does some extraordinary things. He copies a woman's telephone number written in chalk on the sidewalk, telephones her, and makes an appointment that he is

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just going to keep as the book ends. He has a quick, feverish affair with a girl in an office down the hall at the embassy to whom he has apparently never even spoken before. He behaves outrageously at a small dinner party at his home and, though she says nothing at the time, his wife, with whom he has not been close, leaves both him and the child the next day. All these matters are like surface eruptions of a lava flow started by that opening dream. But that is an incomplete statement: because the dream didn't come to a man innocent of preparations for that dream.

It is no Kafkaesque guilt from that dream that colors Keuschnig. Rather it's an increased conviction of mortality, of limitation, of hunger to know what he is doing, and why, every moment. ("From today on, I shall be leading . . . neither my usual life nor a new one, for I shall only be pretending to live my usual life, and my new life will consist solely in pretending to live as usual.") Throughout the book come stabs of new possibility, like fractures in a covering sky. ("Who said that the world has already been discovered?") This longing for a realer life is, in a man like Keuschnig, not so much greed for more joy as it is a wish that the pain could at least be real pain instead of the irritation of trivial dissatisfactions.

Through much of the book Keuschnig is observed by a writer he knows, a fat man. This writer, never named, and his wife are the couple at dinner in Keuschnig's home when he behaves outrageously. (If he really did. He might merely have daydreamed—as many of us have done when bored—of behaving scandalously. And Keuschnig's wife might well have been planning to leave him anyway.) The writer commits the offense of understanding Keuschnig uncomfortably well, and Keuschnig defends himself by denying the truth of the other man's perceptions. This writer seems to be a device of Handke's to put a writer's consciousness right inside the perimeter of the book; and Handke makes him a man who has (he says) no joy in his own life, who lives by seeing ruthlessly. But that writer can also be taken figuratively, as part of Keuschnig that Handke has split off and made into another man for dialectic use.

This fat man is determined to "get" Keuschnig on paper. He keeps making notes; and Keuschnig protects himself by silence or misstatement. Before the writer leaves that night, he says airily: "Once I get the hang of it, I can make do with your gestures. But when your situation gets critical, you'll have to start talking."

Soon enough the situation does get critical, and though Keuschnig still doesn't do much talking, the writer gets what he wants. On the next afternoon, his wife having left that morning, Keuschnig takes his child to the park. He reads while the little girl plays. After a while he looks up. She has disappeared.

> He jumped up but sat right down again, and even read a few lines in his book, unable to skip a single word. He must paint his face—this minute! And cut off all his hair! . . . He held his breath and tried to stop thinking. . . . Frantically he tried to make ready for what was to come.

Then comes an eight-page passage in which Keuschnig is on his way to the police. ("He had no sensation of his body and hovered weightless in the midst of people dragging themselves painfully along.") Every detail in the city around him seems sharper than ever. He stops in a café. He feels a sexual thrill as a woman passes by. He walks right past a police call box. . . . It's a difficult and dangerous section. Handke is not worried that we may lose "sympathy" for Keuschnig; he wants to probe beneath the tropes of conventional response to reach the minutiae of contradictory reactions, paradoxes.

Then Keuschnig catches sight of the fat writer watching him. The writer shuts his notebook, says he has been following Keuschnig all day making observations, that the missing child is at his place with her mother, that he has no further need of Keuschnig.

> The writer stood there for some time, then made a face or two, perhaps to convince Keuschnig that he was real, and walked off across the grass, blindly trampling a flower bed. "You don't know anything about me!" Keuschnig shouted after him. At that the writer only raised his arm; he didn't turn around.

The observer of Keuschnig—the other part of him?—has no further need of him. Keuschnig's first action now is to change his clothes: he stops in a shop and buys a new suit, new socks, and shoes. Then he moves toward his "telephone" date, with an unknown woman, a new possibility, a possible new being for himself. ("From a parked car with its door wide open he heard harpsichord music, and suddenly he felt a profound joy at the thought of the time that lay ahead of him.") It is, of course, no grand moment of affirmation. What is there to affirm other than possibility? ("Looking down at the asphalt still soft with the heat of the day, he suddenly saw himself as the hero of an unknown tale. . . .")

In the very last paragraph the narrative point of view changes from the subjective to the objective as Keuschnig walks to the café to keep his date, to begin the "unknown tale." Perhaps the change of perspective is to suggest that the new tale will take place less inside Keuschnig's head.

But no theme is realized, no explicable point is made. In one sense, although I've tried to be accurate, I have done the book a disservice by sketching its story as a story, by suggesting that it builds to a crisis that leaves the protagonist changed. These things are there, I think, but they are not —theme included—what Handke wrote the book *for*. They do not relate to the risks he has taken.

Handke once wrote in an essay:

> The progress of literature seems to me to consist of the gradual removal of unnecessary fictions. More and more vehicles fall by the wayside, the story becomes superfluous, invention becomes superfluous, what matters more is the communication of experiences, linguistic and non-linguistic ones, and for that it is no longer necessary to invent stories.

In Handke's earlier novel *The Goalie's Anxiety*, he devised a fairly complex (for him) story of mental collapse as an armature for an internally seismographic texture. In *Short Letter* the story is somewhat less complex; the emphasis is even more on the texture of "experiences." Now Handke presses on with "the gradual removal of unnecessary fictions." In this latest novel the story is even less important: the texture—which means much more than style alone—becomes the book.

What Handke is moving toward, I think, moving toward stunningly and courageously, is the novel as poem. This is not the same as a poetic novel, which, for instance, *The Goalie's Anxiety* surely is. It is much more congruent to the prose poem, a term that Baudelaire devised but that has a history dating back a century and a half before that. In this new novel there is just enough narrative to convey the protagonist forward in his truly important agon: living from second to second amidst the prismatic blaze of sights and memory flashes and fancies that glitter continuously inside one's head and are metamorphosed, not lost, when one sleeps. It's the unflinching yet distilled rendition of that glitter—a process of poetry—that is Handke's growing concern.

Why, then, write in prose? Why not a book-length poem, from a man who has published poetry? An answer comes, by happy coincidence, from the poet Robert

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Bly, writing about prose poems in *American Poetry Review*, May/June 1977:

> In a prose poem we often feel a man or woman talking not before a crowd but in a low voice to someone he is sure is listening. . . . A marvelous thing about the prose poem is how well it absorbs detail. . . . A prose poem does not ask for general statements, it urges us to return to the original perception, before the conclusion rushes in, provided by the mind.

Bly says that one doesn't actually see "people crossing a street"; one sees a glint, some legs, a cap, et cetera, and after a second or two the brain reports that people are crossing the street. As against the "lined" poem, which can tend to the public voice, which in turn can tend to summarize, the prose poem moves toward the intimate and the instantaneous particular.

To write a novel as a prose poem, we may infer from Handke, is to shift concern from traditional character portrayal and development, to dwell among the electric currents of the brain, to treasure everything sensory and imaginative on an almost unvaried plane of importance, and to confront the mysteries of illogic. "In the bus he saw he was all alone, and for a moment that made him very happy." "In the gutter on the other side of the boulevard, the water sparkled as it flowed down to the Porte d'Auteuil. For a few minutes that took the stupid look off his face." This book could have been printed in broken "verse" lines, with surprisingly few alterations for the sake of rhythm, in Ralph Manheim's excellent English. (Handke's prose bursts into capitals once in a while, usually for no other reason, apparently, than that his pulse leaped at that moment.) As a prose poem it certainly realizes what Bly sees as the possibilities of the form; and from Handke's view, a novel with this texture and purpose presumably contributes to what he sees as "the progress of literature."

What lies ahead of this splendid, still young writer? It's particularly enticing, in his case more than in some others, that we cannot predict; and Handke himself, although he has already finished more work, cannot even want to predict. Certainly this new book proves further that, in power and vision and range, he is the most important new writer on the international scene since Beckett. Like Beckett, any falterings of faith he may feel in the act of writing will probably find their way into good writing. But that is ignominiously to cross our fingers. Handke is alive, having his life, writing in life; by now his writing is part of every reader's good fortune. ◉

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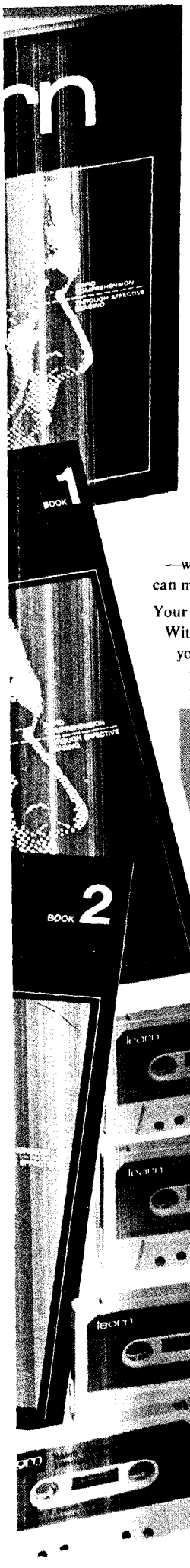

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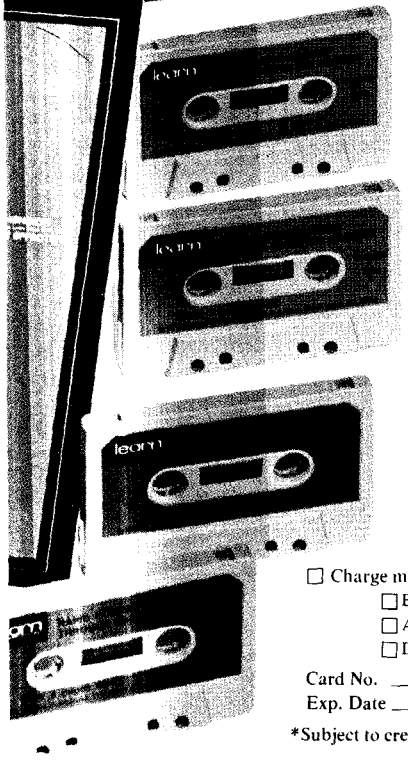

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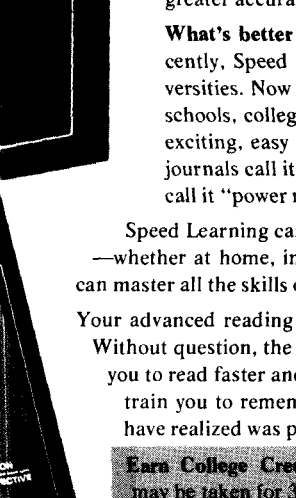

RUSSELL G. STAUFFER, author and research director of this program, is a Professor of Education and recipient of the H. Rodney Sharp chair in the College of Education at the University of Delaware. He is Director of the Reading Study Center at the University. Dr. Stauffer has published numerous articles in professional and trade journals, including a special pamphlet on "Reading, a Thinking Process" for Reader's Digest.

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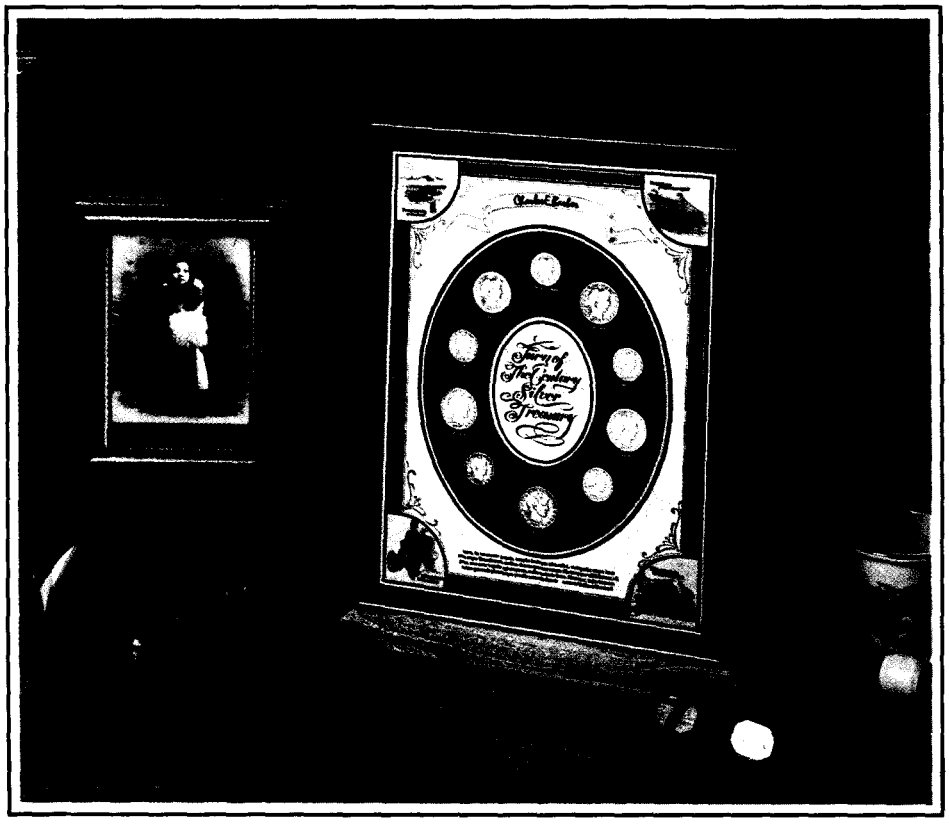

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Good News from Nowhere

William Morris:
Romantic to Revolutionary
by E. P. Thompson
Pantheon, 816 pp., $17.95

Reviewed by Walter Arnold

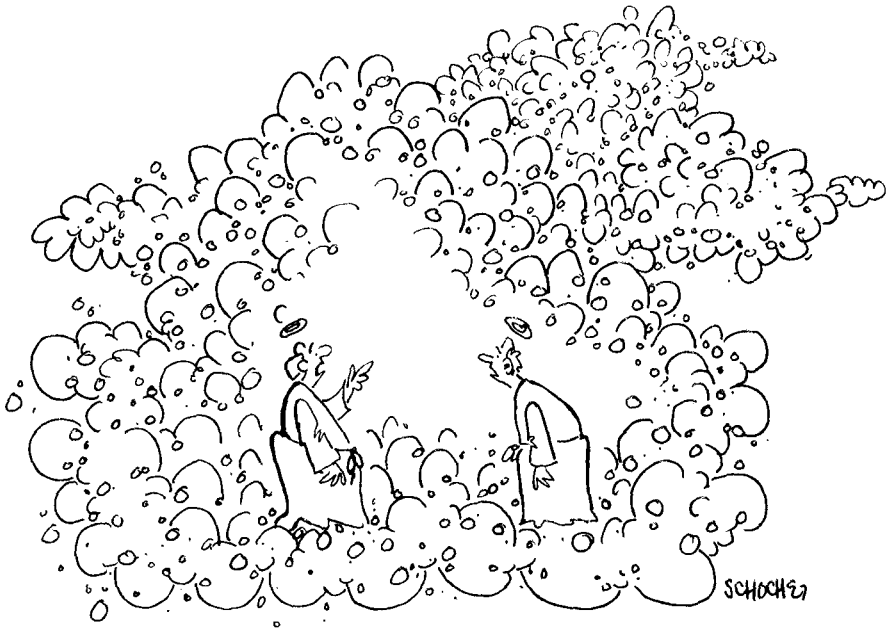
UTOPIA, of course, is Nowhere. But for the lack of such a place, or at least a vision of it, a people may perish. William Morris, designer, medievalist, decorative artist, poet, Pre-Raphaelite, political thinker, socialist, printer, certainly did not lack a vision of utopia, and he published it in 1890 in his most famous book, *News from Nowhere*. It was a romantically Communist answer to Edward Bellamy's alas more nearly realized rationalist and mechanical paradise, *Looking Backward*, and it reached a great audience. Harold Laski once reported finding copies of *News from Nowhere* during the Thirties Depression in house after house of Tynside miners, even when most of their furniture had been sold off. It is not an encouraging sign of our shoddy cash-and-fact-ridden times that that great title has been commercially usurped by a book on television news and that no American publisher has seen fit to keep the Morris original in print in a popular edition.

"Think of the joy we have in praising great men," wrote Morris, "and how we turn their stories over and over, and fashion their lives for our joy." Just so: what a splendid man was William Morris, and how desperately we need people like him today, people of great and accessible humanity. Yeats, who was young and in England in Morris's time and deeply influenced by Morris's poetry, recalled him in his autobiography: "No man I have ever known was so well loved. He was looked up to as some worshipped medieval kings. . . . People loved him as children are loved. . . . I soon discovered his spontaneity and joy and made him my chief of men." A contemporary French critic described his face as "fierce [but] overflowing with gentleness . . . the undecided *brusquerie* of the shy, the reserve of a man filled with his own thoughts and self-contained, but with sudden fits of *bonhomie* and gusts of enthusiasm, which all at once fire, exalt, and transfigure him."

Morris was born in 1834, in Walthamstow, on the edge of Epping Forest, into which he rode as a child in a toy suit of armor. His father was a well-to-do London bill broker who had become very rich from some lucky stocks in Devon copper and tin mining, giving William a very considerable annuity for the whole of his life. Morris could never remember learning to read, but he had gone through all of Scott's "Waverley" novels by the age of seven. At Oxford, he took up with his lifelong friend Edward Burne-Jones, who later executed many of Morris's designs for tapestry, glass, and painting, and who shared his love of the Middle Ages, Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, and Catholicism. They were drawn to the Oxford Movement of Pusey and Newman, but then they met Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who turned them to painting, bohemianism, and the Pre-Raphaelite pursuit of truth-to-nature and revolt against prevailing utilitarian values. In Burne-Jones's words, they began "a Crusade and Holy Warfare against the Age" that Morris, at least, never ceased.

Edward Thompson, in his absorbing biographical study of Morris, is chiefly concerned with showing the development of a romantic and artistic rebel into a revolutionary Marxian socialist who never abandoned his devotion to beauty and fitness in all things. As Morris himself is very tellingly quoted by Thompson, "Apart from the desire to produce beautiful things, the leading passion of my life has been and is hatred of modern civilization." This passion was often expressed in words that have lost none of their pertinence: "We call it a Society; and go about professing openly the totallest separation, isolation. Our life is not a mutual helpfulness; but rather, cloaked under due laws-of-war, named "fair competition" and so forth, it is a mutual hostility. We have profoundly forgotten everywhere that *Cash-payment* is not the sole relation of human beings. . . ."

THIS contempt for the Age of Shoddy, as Morris called it, was nothing that Keats and the earlier Romantics hadn't expressed in their various ways, and Morris was heavily influenced by all of them. Nor was his only a negative or impotent rejection. On a youthful holiday



"What do you mean, 'Where's everyone?' With the exception of the two little old ladies on the other side of the cloud, we're it!"

Walter Arnold is a free-lance writer who has been an editor of Commonweal *and editorial director of Liveright.*

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with Burne-Jones, Morris had seen the standing medieval cities of France, especially Rouen. They were a revelation to him of the historical possibility of a better civilization, which he later built for the future in his mind and works. As Chesterton said of Morris in *The Victorian Age in Literature*: "He was the first of the Aesthetes to smell medievalism as a smell of the morning; and not as a mere scent of decay." What is more to Thompson's point, Chesterton also observed, "By Morris's time and ever since, England has been divided into three classes: Knaves, Fools, and Revolutionists."

In the early 1880s, caught up in the anti-imperialist movement against Disraeli's eastern policy, Morris came into contact with the pioneers of organized English socialism and found that they not only shared his hatred of the age but had a historical theory to explain its appearance and the will to bring about a new society. He read Marx's *Capital* (in French) and joined H. F. Hyndman's (socialist) Democratic Federation, immediately setting about an indefatigable round of lecturing, pamphleteering, and poetical propagandizing (*Chants for Socialists*, among other writings). At the same time he kept up with the famous cooperative firm of Morris & Company, designers and craftsmen who were originally engaged to furnish his first house but ended up supplying wallpaper, cloth, furniture, metalwork, and every conceivable handmade product chiefly to that other revolutionary class of the nineteenth century, the bourgeoisie. (Thompson does not avoid the contradictions in Morris's life.) In a very short time Morris split with Hyndman over the latter's temperament and political tactics and formed the Socialist League with like-minded associates. He started and edited *Commonweal*, a brilliant weekly trumpet of the league's cause (no historical connection to the American liberal Catholic journal). But Morris was never any kind of politician, and especially after the abortive radical, socialist, and Irish march on Trafalgar Square in 1887 on what became known as Bloody Sunday (three killed, hundreds wounded in a Chicago-style police riot), the league began to fall apart and become a "fanatic's playground," with violent anarchists in the ascendant.

From that time, Morris became ever more absorbed by the writing of his prose romances, whose titles alone are wonderful—*The Wood Beyond the World*, *The Well at the World's End*, *The Sundering Flood*, and, of course, *News from Nowhere*. He was also, and especially from 1890 to his death in 1896 ("from doing the work of ten men, at least," a doctor said), totally involved in the operational details of his Kelmscott Press at Hammersmith, which revived fine bookmaking and revolutionized modern typography, and whose masterpiece was the Kelmscott *Chaucer* (Morris's favorite poet). But Thompson persuasively shows that Morris never became disillusioned with the hope of a united Socialist party and an ultimate humanitarian Communism, despite what earlier commentators, for reasons of their own, have claimed.

IN ORDER to counterweight many previous biographies and studies of Morris, which have concentrated on the many-sided literary and artistic genius, and because Thompson obviously loves the man and is himself a Marxian socialist, he spends about three-quarters of his eight-hundred-page book on the socialist Morris. Naturally, this is more than even another lover of Morris the man and artist is entirely glad to read, especially when it comes to the Byzantine details of the history and personalities of the early socialist movement in England and the factionalism that beset it. Still, Thompson writes very agreeably, only occasionally indulging in annoying partisan snipes, as against the "sophistries" of the more successful Fabians, "those chips off the old utilitarian block." Best of all, Thompson's book is a glittering quarry of marvelous quotes from Morris and others, many taken from heretofore inaccessible or unpublished sources.

The chief question left after reading this excellent work is: How can we get such complete human beings as William Morris? Without such individuals we certainly will not get a *humane* collective revolution. Almost his last words were, "I want to get mumbo jumbo out of the world." In his dying days, Burne-Jones's wife, Georgiana, with whom Morris was very close, spoke to him of the life of the poor, and he burst into tears. And when Arnold Dolmetsch kindly brought his medieval musical instruments to Hammersmith, where Morris was confined, and played just the opening phrase of a pavane and galliard by William Byrd, Morris cried out with joy. He said, "I cannot believe that I shall be annihilated." And surely he has not been. Let Yeats, as quoted by Thompson, have the last, fittingly romantic words: "He was among the greatest of those who prepare the last reconciliation when the Cross shall bloom with roses." ◉

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Books in Brief

Unity Mitford: An Enquiry into Her Life and the Frivolity of Evil
by David Pryce-Jones
Dial Press/James Wade, 288 pp., $9.95

PROBABLY the least lovable of English eccentrics was the Honorable Unity Valkyrie Freeman-Mitford, who lost her voice shouting "Heil Hitler!" as the Führer entered Vienna and who put a bullet into her brain when war broke out between her native and adopted countries.

Anti-Semitism in the Mitford family did not begin with Unity. One grandfather fulminated against what he called "the tyrants of Europe"; the other, a friend of Wagner, wrote an introduction to a book that decried racial contamination; and Unity's sister Diana became the mistress and later the wife of the British Fascist leader Oswald Mosley. Never a prepossessing girl, Unity dreamed of one-upping her glamorous sister Diana and her clever sisters (Nancy and Jessica) by becoming empress of the Third Reich. In an obscene travesty of an adolescent crush, she managed to pick up Hitler in a Munich beer garden and become his platonic groupie, trailing after him at rallies and praying nightly to his signed photograph.

David Pryce-Jones follows Unity's life in painstaking detail, but I wish he had given a fuller picture of the English upper class between the wars, the background against which Unity's mania seemed no more outrageous than her habit of taking a pet rat to debutante parties.

The many Nazi memoirists claim that they were horrified to learn, after seeing the concentration camps, of their leader's plans for non-Aryans and horrified when those plans became generally known. Unity could never have written this sort of apologia, nor would she have wanted to. When asked one day in 1935 why she was shooting at targets, Unity answered quite calmly, "Practicing to kill Jews."

—RHODA KOENIG

Home Free
by Dan Wakefield
Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, 245 pp., $8.95

AS IN his popular first novel, *Going All the Way*, Dan Wakefield is seen here attempting to clothe his journalistic interest in social and cultural history in a fictional form. This time out it is a Cook's tour of late-Sixties life-styles, shibboleths, and phony versions of salvation. Wakefield's hero, a grocer's son from the Midwest, is a likable if pitiful victim of the times and of his own self-generated confusion who learns what it means to be footloose and miserable. In the course of Gene's pilgrimage to oblivion, Wakefield cleverly succeeds in jogging our memories about those already half-forgotten landmarks of the Age of Aquarius.

In the end, *Home Free* proves to be an intentionally ironic title because all of Wakefield's lost souls are unwilling or unable to pay the price of establishing a home in the usual sense. They are all in flight from permanence, and the consequences of their rootlessness are dire and ultimately destructive. Home may not be free, Wakefield seems to be saying, but whatever the cost, home is absolutely necessary, and no vague ideal of personal freedom is likely to change that irreducible truth. —JOE DAVID BELLAMY

Tolkien: A Biography
by Humphrey Carpenter
Houghton Mifflin, 304 pp., $10

J. R. R. TOLKIEN was excessively ordinary, yet his extraordinary achievement developed logically out of his adolescence. Brought up by his mother and orphaned at thirteen, Tolkien became a good student of Latin and Greek and also began creating private languages. At sixteen, his future was set: he met the girl he would eventually marry and simultaneously discovered Norse mythology, Middle English, and a Gothic grammar. He went to Oxford, served in the Great War, and then rose through academia on a rather small amount of splendid scholarship.

Meanwhile, Tolkien's private languages —distantly related to Finnish and Welsh —became highly sophisticated. As Carpenter emphasizes, these elvish tongues eventually required Tolkien to build the world they might have come from; Middle-earth had been taking shape for many years before Tolkien created hobbits to amuse his children.

Humphrey Carpenter deliberately avoids literary criticism; nevertheless, this biography clarifies Tolkien's creation immensely. Instead of indulging in psychological speculation, Carpenter has drawn a portrait that is clear and indispensable.

—CHARLES NICOL

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Sweet Singers of Michigan

"It is easy to get the superficial impression that all American poets live either in New York or California . . ." says David Wagoner in his introduction to *The Third Coast: Contemporary Michigan Poetry*, edited by three poets—Conrad Hilberry, Herbert Scott, and James Tipton—and just published by the Wayne State University Press ($8.95 cloth, $3.95 paper). Michigan has a way of producing poets—remember Saginaw's Theodore Roethke? Among the 30 poets in the anthology are some familiar ones: Donald Hall, Jim Harrison, and Robert Hayden; and some new to me that I particularly like: David James, Janet Kauffman, and Cynthia Nibbelink. I also like the work of the sixty-three-year-old black poet Dudley Randall, founder of the black-poetry publishing house Broadside Press. Here's his wry "Green Apples":

What can you do with a woman under thirty?
It's true she has a certain freshness,
like a green apple,
but how raw, unformed, without the mellowness of maturity.

What can you talk about with a young woman?
That is, if she gives you chance to talk,
as she talks and talks and talks about herself.
Her self is the most important object in the universe.
She lacks the experience of intimate, sensitive silences.

Why don't young women learn how to make love?
They attack with the subtlety of a bull,
and moan and sigh with the ardor of a puppy.
Panting, they pursue their own pleasure,
forgetting to please their partner, as an older woman does.

It's only just that young women get what they deserve.
A young man.

Can't Help Lovin' That Man

Over the past few years I've been ordering copies from England of *Cooking with Pomiane*, a Faber paperback, to give to friends. Now I am happy to say that Farrar, Straus & Giroux has just brought out *French Cooking in Ten Minutes*, by Maître de Pomiane, at $7.95. It's the kind of title that gives real cooks the shudders, but Edouard de Pomiane is so jolly and intimate that you can't help loving him. Here's an important point—he calls it an unchanging ritual:

> The first thing you must do when you get home, before you take off your coat, is go to the kitchen and light the stove. It will have to be a gas stove, because otherwise you'll never be able to cook in ten minutes.
>
> Next, fill a pot large enough to hold a quart of water. Put it on the fire, cover it, and bring it to a boil. What's the water for? I don't know, but it's bound to be good.

His recipes are mostly for simple things like small steaks, veal scallops, fish, eggs, and noodles; but they're sensible, and the few I tried worked perfectly. Some quotes will give you an idea of his delightful style. On white sauce: "This is a horrible sauce. Fortunately, you can add whatever you like to it and transform it into a very nice one." "Scrambled eggs with green peas shouldn't be green peas with scrambled eggs . . . eggs with little green peas are very pretty, whereas green peas with eggs look pathetic." He gives recipes for breaded pig's feet, ears, and tails (separate recipes for each). "Unfortunately," he writes of tails, "you don't see them for sale very often. It is true that each pig has only one tail for every two ears and eight half feet . . . maybe that's why." Some of the recipes are unusual—how about French-fried eggs? The book was originally published in 1930, and the chef died in 1964 at age ninety. Now somebody over here should publish *Cooking with Pomiane*, which has an appreciative introduction by the Queen of Cuisine, Elizabeth David.

Under and Over

To continue with readers' suggestions for overrated or underrated books and authors of the past 75 years, Catherine vanSonnenberg of the Lucius Beebe Memorial Library (is *he* overrated?) in Wakefield, Massachusetts, writes that "some of us here came up with a few names for overrated: Herman Hesse, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Updike among others." *I* certainly don't agree about Updike, and everybody seems to be dumping on Fitzgerald these days. Miss vanSonnenberg goes on to make a plea for Jim Harrison's underrated novel *Farmer*, which she calls "SUPERB." And a long letter came in from Frank G. Harrington of Wayne, Pennsylvania, raving about James Hanley, who has also been highly praised by Henry Miller, Paul Theroux, E. M. Forster, and Henry Green (underrated in my book). William Faulkner, not one to give blurbs, wrote of Hanley's language that it was "not British, not American, not South African, not Ebury Street, nor Chicago; just language like a good clean cyclone." And Roberta Kalechofsky of Micah Publications in Marblehead, Massachusetts, pleads for greater recognition of Joyce Cary and adds, speaking of the underrated writers, "there's a mine full of them in the Small Press Movement, including me."

More Better

There have been a lot of books about best and worst things recently, and the latest is *The Best, Encore*, by Peter Passell (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, just out, $6.95). One man's opinion of the best chocolate crunch cookies (Mrs. A's Choco-Crunch), the best potato chips (Kitch'n Cook'd, from Hawaii), the best senator (Frank Church, if you're a liberal), the best—most modern—soap opera (*Ryan's Hope*). My own best selection is for a frozen vegetable—and I loathe frozen food—Seabrook Farms Petite Peas. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 86

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 48.*

YQS YI MLS EOXEQ-
METSJ YI DSCQT OCJ-
YGOSGVU CJ MLEM
YQS CJ KYQJMEQMVU
HEZCQT SNKCMCQT
OCJKYXSGCSJ.

—E. E. HCVQS

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Light Refractions

Body English

by Thomas H. Middleton

BACK in December of 1953, I was flying from Rome to New York to spend the Christmas season with my family. The woman in the seat next to mine was French. She was going to the United States for the first time, visiting her sister and brother-in-law, who lived, as I recall, in Nyack, New York. She spoke no English, but my French was good enough at the time so that we could converse without too much difficulty. Back then, there were no in-flight movies or anything like that. You read, you did crossword puzzles or Double-Crostics, you talked, and, if you could make yourself reasonably comfortable, you slept. The trip took 13 or 14 hours.

My most vivid recollection of that flight was breakfast. I'd been living in Europe for about a year and a half, and when the stewardess presented us with beautiful, golden French toast, bacon, and maple syrup, it was suddenly like home and the breakfasts of my boyhood. But I noticed that my neighbor had the expression the French get when they're faced with such tokens of barbarity as Thousand Island dressing and breaded sole with tartar sauce. She nudged me gently and whispered, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?*" Her tone couldn't have been more horrified if the breakfast had skittered about the plate, snarling at her. I told her, "*C'est ce qu'on appelle* 'French toast'—*le toast français.*" "*Comment?*" she asked. "French toast," I repeated. "*Mais . . . ce n'est pas français!*" she said, as you might say, "That *hedgehog* is not *my* child!"

I told her that I knew it wasn't French, that I loved it nevertheless, and that I thought if she gave it a try she, too, might like it. She nibbled at it with loathing and asked if she could expect to be served a great deal of it in the United States. I said she'd be able to avoid it if she watched her step (*"si vous regardez votre pas"*).

This reminiscence, now almost a quarter of a century old, was brought on yesterday at breakfast as I was putting an English muffin into the toaster and it occurred to me that there was no such thing as an English muffin in England—or, if there is, they certainly don't call it an English muffin. In England, presumably all muffins are English, so there's no need to articulate their Englishness; they are simply muffins. The closest thing to what we know as an English muffin that I've seen in England is a crumpet. English muffins are no more English than French toast is French.

I phoned S. B. Thomas, Inc., the company that makes what I think of as the only *real* English muffins, and asked if they could tell me anything about the history of English muffins. The man I talked to said that Samuel Bath Thomas introduced them to the U.S. in 1875. I said skeptically, "You mean he brought them over from England?"

"Well, that's the story we put out," he said with what I considered admirable candor. I gave him my own opinion: Samuel Bath Thomas came over here from England and tried to bake a crumpet, but he goofed. It was one of those fortuitous goofs that stud the history of invention, and he decided that what he had baked was better than a crumpet. If he'd tried to pass it off as a crumpet, people who really knew crumpets would have said, "You call *that* a crumpet?" So he called it an English muffin, and everyone said, "Oh, boy, that's some English muffin!"

IN 1880 he founded S. B. Thomas, Inc., and ever since then, the U.S. has been the home of the English muffin.

That man at Thomas said he thought I was probably right. He also said, apropos of nothing I can remember, that Thomas's English muffins have their greatest popularity around the Boston area.

Another thing that isn't English is *English.* Here's what *Webster's Second* says about *English*: "*Billiards, etc.* A spinning or rotary motion round the vertical axis given to a ball by striking it to the right or left of its center. Such a spin (called *side* in British usage) influences the direction it will take after touching a cushion or another ball."

Side is what the English call *English.* But what do they call *body English*? Body English, of course, is English imparted to a ball after it has been released, as in bowling, or struck, as in billiards, golf, or tennis. It consists of violent motions of the hips, knees, shoulders, and elbows, accompanied by powerful thoughts whose purpose is to alter the ball's direction. It is the ultimate test of the power of positive thinking, but it seldom works without the divine intervention of a gust of wind.

Since the English can't call body English "body English," and on the assumption that they perhaps have no word for it, I suggest that they call it "Yank." Yank sounds right, and it has the virtue of reciprocity. And in case English muffins should ever catch on in England, they might call them "Boston crumpets."

These two terms, *Yank* and *Boston crumpet,* and the *u* in the forthcoming *honour* are my very humble offerings in honour of the queen's jubilee. ◉

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Artsletter

What Makes Exxon Give?

by Roland Gelatt

DANCE IN AMERICA, the television series that Walter Terry surveys elsewhere in this issue [page 38], forms part of a 39-week season of drama, concerts, opera, and ballet aired on PBS under the umbrella title *Great Performances*. It is public television's most costly undertaking, and from the beginning it has been heavily underwritten by the Exxon Corporation. Some $7 million has already come from Exxon's coffers to support this project, and there is every reason to believe that the company's commitment to *Great Performances* will continue at a level of about $3 million per year.

Why? What induces an international oil company to get involved in arts programs? And what does it hope to accomplish with its contributions? In search of some answers, I stopped by at the corporation's head office in New York the other day to talk to the executives who hand out the moola.

"It's not a question of *should* we support the arts," Robert E. Kingsley insisted, with the patient air of a man who has been asked to field this query often before. "Our company's policy of aiding the arts goes back more than thirty years. No, the question is really *how* should we spend our money, and to what purpose?" Kingsley had joined me in the office of his associate John Irwin. They are middle-aged management types with considerable past experience in Exxon's business affairs, but their mandate now is to give away company money, not to make it. Between them, they disburse about $5 million a year to the arts. This amounts to 23 percent of Exxon's entire budget for contributions. It's a big slice of the pie. The average amount given to the arts among 800 leading corporations is a mere 7.5 percent of their total contributions.

"We try to use this money," John Irwin chimed in, "so that it supports more than appears at first glance. A good example of what I mean is *Theater in America* [the original television series from which *Great Performances* developed]. We wanted first of all to get more good drama on television. But we also wanted to assist regional theater companies in America and to give them wide national exposure. The television series accomplishes all three objectives. We always look for the multiplier effect."

"It's fair to say," Kingsley added, "that audience-building is a key policy here. That's why we're into television so heavily. We know it's effective. Last year, after the Joffrey Ballet's first television program, we had a research outfit poll more than two thousand people at Joffrey performances.

Dennis Anderson

The Taming of the Shrew *videotaped—"From Exxon's coffers."*

Of those who were attending the Joffrey for the first time and had seen the TV show, fifty-nine percent were there as a result of seeing the television show."

Along with building new audiences, Exxon wants to build new talent. In 1973 the corporation embarked on a project with Affiliate Artists and the National Endowment to sponsor on-the-job training for young American conductors at nine major orchestras. Several graduates from this program are already on their own podiums. Last year a similar program was underwritten (again in collaboration with the National Endowment) to train young writers in the techniques of television drama. And on the drawing boards is a plan to hold biannual Exxon-sponsored shows of works by as yet unrecognized American painters and sculptors.

MUSEUMS also qualify for Exxon largess. Since the corporation's headquarters is in New York, it provides ongoing operational support ("heat and light money," in Kingsley's words) to the city's major institutions. Funding also goes to special exhibitions. The "Treasures of Tutankhamun," now at the Field Museum in Chicago on the second lap of its 29-month tour, is cosponsored by Exxon, as is a new exhibition devoted to the Parisian art impresario Ambroise Vollard, which just opened at The Museum of Modern Art and will later travel to Ottawa; Champaign, Illinois; and Toledo.

But it is *Great Performances* that commands the major share of Exxon's attention and budget. Next season there will be more live pickups from Lincoln Center, including performances by the New York City Opera (Boito's *Mefistofele* is being considered) and the New York City Ballet (possibly *Coppélia*); a recital by tenor Luciano Pavarotti; a major New York Philharmonic event (there is talk of a concert conducted by Leonard Bernstein with Lazar Berman as soloist); and, for the first time, an evening of chamber music from Alice Tully Hall. Not live but still part of the *Great Performances* series is a projected two-part documentary on the history of the New York City Ballet.

Farther down the pike, Exxon has a stake (along with the Corporation for Public Broadcasting) in a TV production of the plays of Shakespeare. This series originates with the BBC and will work its way through almost the entire Shakespearean repertory at the rate of six plays per season over a period of six years. The three American underwriters will each contribute $1.2 million toward the BBC's estimated total cost of $9 million. Look for the first showings in the fall of 1978.

I never did get a satisfactory answer to why Exxon contributes to the arts. It seems to be simply a matter of noblesse oblige on a corporate scale. I hope it isn't looking a gift horse in the mouth to observe that Exxon's support of the arts, however generous, comes to a mere 0.2 percent of the company's total net income before taxes ($2.3 billion in 1976). Since the IRS allows corporations to deduct up to 5 percent of pretax income for contributions, there's plenty of room for growth. ◉

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Nixon's Revenge

by Karl E. Meyer

THEY used to tell visitors to Chicago slaughterhouses that by the time a pig finished its journey through the meat-packing plant, everything had been turned to profit but the squeal. The saying came to mind when I heard Richard M. Nixon remark that he was a "bad butcher." Whatever the truth in the Oval Office, this was not the case on television. With the help of David Frost, Nixon outdid the meat-packers: there was money even in the squeal.

The Nixon Interviews were in the end more interesting for what they told about the media than for their revelations about the former President. Very little was added to the known public record in the four 90-minute shows; it was pretty much a self-serving apologia, with a new detail here and a cosmetic touch there. Yet the first show was heralded with an orchestrated barrage of leaked stories written in tones that suggested a Second Coming of the San Clemente exile—lead stories in *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*, and almost identical cover stories in *Time* ("Nixon Talks") and *Newsweek* ("Nixon Speaks").

Each interview was followed by panel discussions in which the precise degree of Nixon's truthfulness was weighed. There were news reports and more magazine articles, followed by hints that there would be a fifth show making use of the leavings on the cutting room floor. If there is a sequel, perhaps Nixon will enlarge on his novel doctrine that, short of murder, a President can legally do anything.

The ratings assured the commercial success of Frost's syndication of the interviews to 140-odd TV stations. Spots were sold at up to $125,000 a minute by an outfit called Syndicast, and the outpouring of publicity guaranteed a sellout, netting Nixon at least $1 million.

To my mind, *The Nixon Interviews* added up to a kind of revenge on the American press; the President was able to square accounts with his old adversary. He did so by exploiting the peculiar vulnerability of all the media, but especially of television, to the pseudo-event.

The phrase *pseudo-event* was introduced by Daniel J. Boorstin, the Librarian of Congress and a distinguished historian, in an elegantly written 1961 book called *The Image, or What Happened to the American Dream* (Atheneum). Boorstin offered a four-part definition:

1. It is not spontaneous, but comes about because someone has planned, planted, or incited it. Typically, it is not a train wreck or an earthquake, but an interview.

2. It is planted primarily (not always exclusively) for the immediate purpose of being reported or reproduced. Therefore, its occurrence is arranged for the convenience of the reporting or reproducing media. Its success is measured by how widely it is reported. . . . The question, "Is it real?" is less important than, "Is it newsworthy?"

3. Its relation to the underlying reality of the situation is ambiguous. Its interest arises largely from this very ambiguity. . . . While the news interest in a train wreck is in *what* happened and in the real consequences, the interest in an interview is always, in a sense, in *whether* it really happened and in what might have been the motives. Did the statement really mean what it said?

4. Usually it is intended to be a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Percipiently, Boorstin noted that television has a ravenous appetite for pseudo-events. Cameras can be mobilized in advance for an interview, and when we see someone talking on the evening news, we have the illusion that something is really happening. Boorstin further argued that pseudo-events spawn other pseudo-events, like multiplying paramecia. A prior leak creates interest in an interview not yet made public, and since pseudo-events can cost money, those arranging them have an interest in publicizing them beforehand, getting two headlines for the price of one.

A pseudo-event is staged for our convenience: the whole family can sit in the living room, watch television, and then have something to talk about afterward. Indeed, knowledge of the pseudo-event becomes a test of being informed. "Once we have tasted the charm of pseudo-events," Boorstin mordantly observes, "we are tempted to believe they are the only important events. Our progress poisons the sources of our experience. And the poison tastes so sweet that it spoils our appetite for plain fact."

Thus in *The Nixon Interviews* a national tragedy was repackaged as home entertainment, with sales messages from makers of spray deodorants and the newest dog food. What was truly remarkable about the interviews was the degree to which print journalists (who look with scorn on television) allowed themselves to be used to promote a pseudo-event. One has to congratulate Richard Nixon. He made his adversaries look foolish. What will the old entertainer do for pin money when he no longer has the press to kick around? ◉

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Music to My Ears

The Outmoded Music Director

by Irving Kolodin

In his six years as music director of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Pierre Boulez conducted many difficult scores surpassingly well and some relatively simple music ineptly. This paradox posed more than a problem both for his audience, which, on the whole, cared least for what he did best, and for some members of the orchestra, who didn't relish either his best or his worst. The six years of Boulez beam a light on a much wider issue: Is the music director a vanishing species whose function has been outmoded?

For years, the head of an American orchestra was designated "conductor" because he was the one who conducted *all* its activities. Except for an occasional composer who directed his own music, guest conductors were a rarity in a time when an orchestra's schedule was limited to half the weeks of a year.

Almost everything about the conditions just described has changed, beginning with the length of the orchestral season. The demand for year-round employment has made it essential for the boards of directors of major American orchestras to find work for their players for 44 or more weeks a year, depending on the length of the paid vacation period. This basic economic change has created the need for multiple conductors, one bearing the title of "Music Director."

But what has now changed most of all is the orchestral repertory. At the ceremonial celebration for Boulez, during an intermission of the concert that began his last Philharmonic week, Aaron Copland extolled him for "bringing the orchestra into the 1970s." This remark was lustily applauded by the 30 American composers who had gathered from all over the country to thank Boulez for his efforts on their behalf. Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, and Tchaikovsky were, of course, not represented; had they been, I doubt that they would have joined in the applause.

This change in repertory has created a profound dilemma, and it is not likely to be resolved by pretending that it doesn't exist or by hoping that it will go away. Elliott Carter, George Crumb, Toru Takemitsu, and Boulez himself are not going to stop composing because a future Philharmonic music director can't deal with what they may write. And, let me add, I do not mean Zubin Mehta, who is already the Philharmonic's music director designate.

How essential, after all, is it for an American orchestra to have a music director? So far as I can discover, the first owner of the title was Leopold Stokowski. After 20 years as conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, he became its music director in 1931. In 1938, the title passed to his successor, Eugene Ormandy. But it didn't come into anything like general use until the late George Szell took over the Cleveland Orchestra, in 1948, with the title of "Musical Director and Conductor."

What Szell had in mind can be deduced from a letter he sent to a friend in 1940, when, still relatively unknown in this country, he had his first guest engagement with the Boston Symphony. "The greatest thing about it," wrote Szell, "was that I met an orchestra that has been trained to make it daily routine to *give its best*." (The italics are Szell's.) The training for which Szell gave praise was to the credit of the authoritarian, long-established conductor of the Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky. Doubtless Szell thought that the more inclusive title might aid him to achieve the same results in Cleveland.

How such a standard can be a moving force in the accomplishment of great results had a resounding demonstration in Carnegie Hall during the same week in which Boulez was taking leave of the Philharmonic in Avery Fisher Hall. In a rare concurrence of quality, the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy performed the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven on Tuesday evening, and the Chicago Symphony under Sir Georg Solti played the same master's *Missa Solemnis* on Friday. The result was two performances on a technical level rarely heard in a lifetime, let alone in the same week.

One could enter some objections to Ormandy's preference for a tempo here, a nuance there, and for the want, in the slow movement and finale, of the mystical quality that pervades this score. But one could not find fault with the transparent glow of the orchestral sound, the total commitment of every player and of every singer in the excellent choir (the Singing City Choir). The vocal quartet was stronger in its female components (Benita Valente, so-

Peter Schaaf

Copland praises Boulez for "bringing the orchestra into the 1970s."

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prano, and Claudine Carlson, mezzo) than in its male personnel (Seth McCoy, tenor, and Michael Devlin, baritone).

BY CONTRAST, Solti lacked nothing of the intellectual or spiritual resources to make his first New York performance of the *Missa Solemnis* a true testament to its greatness as Beethoven's ultimate masterpiece. As the powerful expression of faith and hope unfolded, it was ennobled by a unity of effort that partook not only of the sacramental but also of the sacrificial. More marvelous playing by the wind instrument soloists has rarely been heard, and the great soprano Lucia Popp gave leadership to the vocal quartet (which included Yvonne Minton, mezzo, Mallory Walker, tenor, and Gwynne Howell, bass) with an effort that converted performance into an act of affirmation.

Of the two symphonic programs heard earlier in the week, the Mozart–Mahler evening was outstanding for equal justice on behalf of two composers who have little in common save the initial "M." For the Mozart Symphony No. 41 in C ("Jupiter"), Solti had his strings playing chamber music and his woodwinds answering in complementary phrases. In the Mahler Symphony No. 5, the deep gloom of movements I and II was lifted, through the transitional scherzo, to a plateau of tranquillity in the adagietto, from which the sound rocketed to a peak of rapture in the jubilant finale. Like all of Mahler, the Fifth Symphony is inherently autobiographical, and Solti had every detail firmly in hand.

Am I suggesting that it is necessary to forgo the music director, in all the glory of an Ormandy or a Solti, to serve the new orchestral repertory? Not at all. Boulez could have accomplished the best of which he was capable for New York in many fewer than the 416 concerts for which he was responsible in over six years as music director.

What I am suggesting is a new order in which the species *music director* would not merely vanish but evolve into a higher form of human life, the *orchestral director*. This would identify the man who would maintain such a standard as Koussevitzky did in Boston and Szell did in Cleveland and Ormandy and Solti do today. To supplement their efforts and to account for the diversity of the repertory, I would replace the category of "Guest Conductor" with that of "Visiting Specialist."

To be sure, even general practitioners don't make house calls anymore, but artistic ailments might promote a higher order of priorities. ◉

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No two vines are identical. Each one must be pruned differently: How old is the vine? How is the vine supported—on its own stump, on a stake, or on a wire? Does it get hot afternoon sun or only the cooler rays? Is it in vigorous health and should its crop be retained this year or sacrificed for the future good of the vine? Precisely where on the vine should spurs be permitted to grow? How many buds on this spur? How many on that spur? A master pruner must know all such things and care for each vine according to its own individual needs.

Our Unique Next Step

An experienced pruner must be able to cope with situations when nature won't cooperate. On rare occasions nature does not perform exactly as expected and overcropping—the production by the vine of more grapes than it can properly ripen—can occur despite the most careful pruning. In such a case, we resort to "thinning."

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We care too much to do less.

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Dance

On TV: America's Dances and Dancers

by Walter Terry

THE most important television program in the world—for dance and dancers, at least—is the continuing series of shows called *Dance in America*. Although it was launched early in our Bicentennial year, it is an ongoing project featuring new programs and an array of national, and even international, reruns. The ninth program of the series, "Trailblazers of Modern Dance," had its premiere in the New York City area on June 22.

One might think that a program titled "Trailblazers" would be first in a series, but *Dance in America* was not plotted chronologically, nor was it planned for telecast in any particular sequence. Each of the hour-long programs is an independent entity and, as such, serves the superseries *Great Performances*, of which it is a part, sharing broadcast time with drama and music specials. The dance project alone is a multimillion-dollar enterprise funded by grants from the Exxon Corporation, the National Endowment for the Arts (an agency of the United States government), and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting. In America, the programs, shown on various dates and at various times in different cities, are aired by Public Broadcasting Service (PBS) stations.

Getting many facets of dance in America on video tape was not simply a matter of filming live stage performances. Each program is in the nature of a documentary, with the director, choreographers, and dancers of a given company discussing repertory, backgrounds, artistic goals, the training of bodies, and the like. In some cases complete ballets are performed, but almost every program also includes scenes or episodes shrewdly selected to show the technical and dramatic range of a dance troupe.

Dance in America programs were videotaped under the most ideal television conditions possible. Several were done at, of all places, Opryland, in Nashville, Tennessee. Lest it be thought that Opryland is simply the site of country music events on a grand scale, let me report that the new Opryland Productions center boasts what I was told is the most sophisticated TV equipment in the world. Looking with proper awe at the incredible control boards, miles of cable, flashing lights, and vast sound stages, I could believe it. Here, company directors, assisted by their choreographers and ballet masters, conferred and collaborated with TV producers, directors, and cameramen to assure the transference of major stage works to the television screen without violating the choreographic designs originally plotted for stage viewing, while at the same time utilizing the magical mobility of the camera's roving eye.

What has the *Dance in America* series accomplished to date? It has brought classical ballet and modern ballet, avant-garde modern dance and the earlier Martha Graham variety, black dance, jazz, hoofing, gymnastics, and explanations and demonstrations of a multiplicity of dance techniques into thousands of homes and, presumably, to the attention of millions of viewers. A large percentage of these, although increasingly exposed to the art of dance through the burgeoning regional ballet movement in America, would not have seen major companies and celebrated dance stars in their own communities.

At first, the dance companies themselves wondered if the electronic appearances would cut into attendance at their unsubsidized live presentations. They need not have worried. Before the Martha Graham Dance Company made its Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, debut in London a year ago, the British Broadcasting Corporation aired the Graham program from *Dance in America*. The following day, box office receipts jumped 50 percent. Simply as a dividend, hoped for but never planned, television had helped the live theater of dance.

It would be impossible for me to describe each program or, indeed, to list every highlight, but I should like to select certain aspects of the series and appraise their value to dance and dancers and, especially, to the viewers.

The series opened in brilliant fashion in January 1976 with the Joffrey Ballet. Superbly directed by Jerome Schnur, the program begins and closes with an excerpt from a ballet class, the workout familiar to ballet students and stars since the days of Louis XIV. In between, it ranges through extracts from the broad Joffrey repertory, all interspersed with comments by Robert Joffrey himself, by his principal choreographer, Gerald Arpino, and by such legendary titans of dance as Leonide Massine, a product of the Diaghilev Ballets Russes era (1909–29), and the innovative Kurt Jooss, whose *The Green Table* (1932) remains the most powerful antiwar document ever conceived in dance terms.

In the Joffrey program, the first formal dance (following the classroom work) the viewer sees is that of the torchbearer in Arpino's all-male *Olympics*, a reminder, perhaps, that the great city-states of classical Greece could not conceive of training the athlete, warrior, poet, or philosopher without the use of dance. Next follow excerpts from the Massine–Cocteau–Satie *Parade* (Paris, 1917), as avant-garde in its day as Joffrey's psychedelic *Astarte* ballet would be exactly half a century later; the scene at the conference table around which aging diplomats are plotting war (Jooss); Joffrey's rock ballet *Trinity*, performed uncut, and his *Remembrances* (choreographed to Wagner's song settings of the "Wesendonck" lieder).

ALL too often, the camera becomes unduly venturesome and violates a choreographer's design with inappropriate, distorting angles (as happens sporadically in Martha Graham's *Appalachian Spring* on another program with another director), but with Schnur directing the Joffrey offerings, there are camera enhancements. For example, in *Remembrances*, a viewer of a live performance in the theater can see that the romantic dances taking place onstage are not real, but rather the dreams of a woman who is present onstage with her meditations. Through the camera's magic, however, with close-ups, dissolves, and slow motion, it is possible for the TV viewer to watch the dreamed dances not only *over* the dreamer's shoulder but actually *through* her eyes (not ours), which penetrate the mist of memory.

Dance in America, in addition to the Joffrey Ballet and the Martha Graham Dance Company entries, includes shows on the American Ballet Theatre, the Dance Theatre of Harlem, the Pennsylvania Ballet, Pilobolus Dance Theatre, Twyla Tharp and her dancers, Merce Cunningham and

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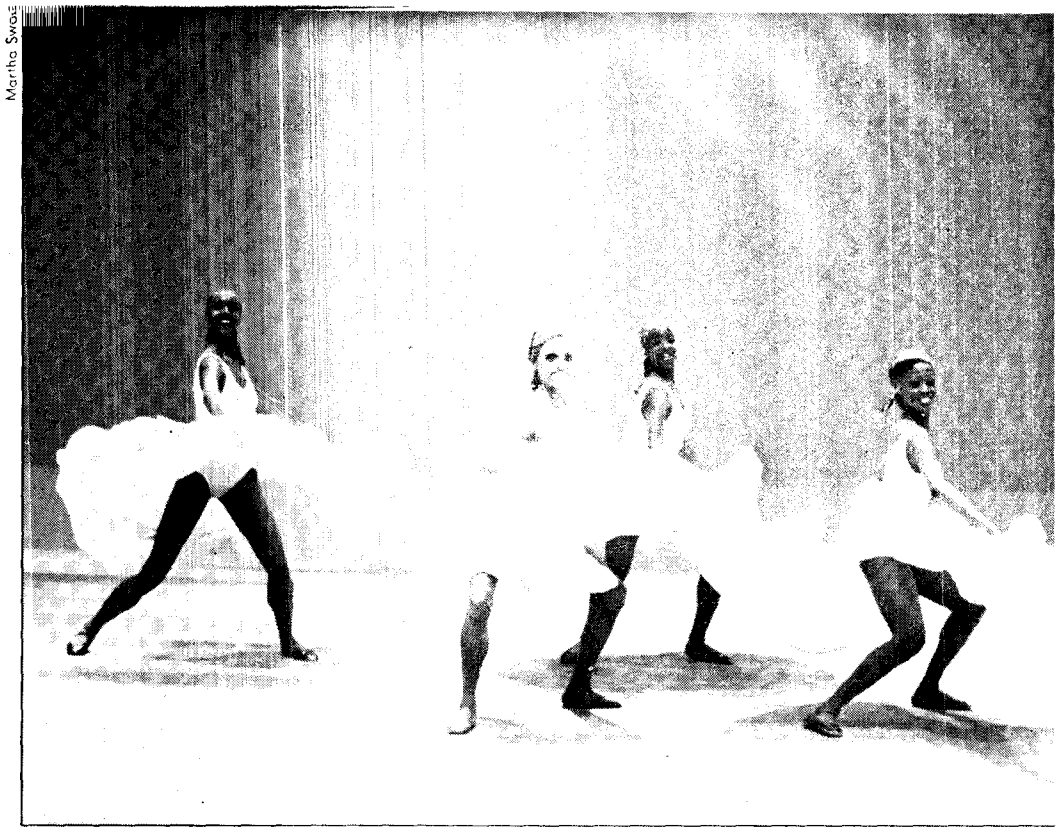
Merce Cunningham and Dance Company: Rainforest.



Dance Theatre of Harlem: Forces of Rhythm.

his group, and the dancers selected to evoke the past in the "Trailblazers" program. The tenth show in the series will be centered on George Balanchine and the New York City Ballet. The standards to date have been variable but high: Schnur's directing of the Joffrey show, the direction of Merrill Brockway (the producer of the series) for the American Ballet Theatre's *Billy the Kid* (introduced and partly narrated by Paul Newman), and the magnificently sculpted gymnastics of the Pilobolus troupe are all pluses.

As suggested by my remarks on Joffrey's *Remembrances*, television can do stage dancing a great service when producers, directors, and cameramen bring special talents to bear on the transplanting of a work of art from one medium to another. A case in point is provided by a letter I received from an *SR* reader who lives in rural Minnesota and who complained about a Merce Cunningham stage performance he had journeyed many miles to see. A dance follower for 30 years, he compared his Cunningham experience with the tale of "The Emperor's New Clothes" by saying that, in this case, "there was no dancing," that sound accompaniments, when present, irritated his ears with high decibel levels, and that "ripping off the public" was the way he would characterize it. I wrote him, saying that he was

Continued on page 46

The Joffrey Ballet: The Green Table.

Lynn Seymour as Isadora.

American Ballet Theatre: Billy the Kid.

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The Movies

An Un-Hollywood Spectacle

by Judith Crist

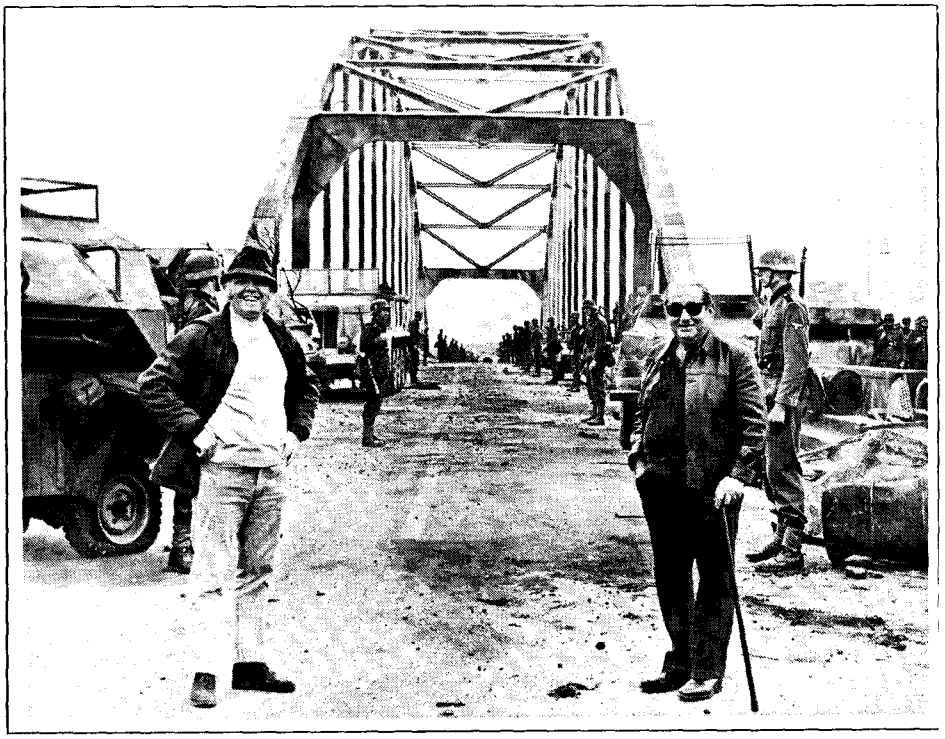
A BRIDGE TOO FAR may well be the definitive World War II movie. And in its near documentary detailing of the Allies' Operation Market-Garden, the largest airborne assault in military history, and its tragic aftermath, it is an ultimate comment on the paradoxical mindlessness of warfare and the courage of men trapped in it.

Certainly this $25 million Joseph E. Levine production is one of the most meticulous reproductions of history. Based on the late Cornelius Ryan's 1974 six-hundred-seventy-page best seller, the William Goldman screenplay provides a step-by-step account of the operation devised by Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery and approved by General Dwight D. Eisenhower to end the war in 1944. It involved 35,000 American and British paratroopers dropping into eastern Nazi-occupied Holland behind the German lines to secure the six bridges leading to the German border. At the same time, a British armored force would sweep up from Belgium over the 64 miles to the last bridge, at Arnhem on the Rhine, and from there the combined Allied armies would invade the Ruhr and smash the industrial heart of the Third Reich.

A week before the operation, scheduled to begin on September 17, 1944, Lieutenant General Frederick Browning, deputy commander of the Allied Airborne forces, discussed the timing with Montgomery. How long would it take the armor to get to Arnhem? Two days, Montgomery said. Looking at a map, Browning estimated that his forces could hold out for four, then added, "But, sir, I think we might be going a bridge too far." The operation lasted nine days, and with the Allied retreat, after estimated casualties of close to 20,000, almost twice the number in the Normandy invasion, Browning, noting that Montgomery was "pleased" and considered the operation "ninety percent successful," reminded a colleague that "as you know, I always thought we tried to go a bridge too far."

But at the outset such reservations—and there were others, deeper-seated and factually rooted—were dismissed; no one wanted to spoil the "party" that was planned at a time when the Germans were sporadically in retreat. No one among the Allied generals seemed aware, however, that the Germans, as a German put it, were simply losing faster than the Allies were winning: the British and American forces had outpaced their supply lines and there were serious shortages of transport and materiel. But why be a spoilsport or "rock the boat" with not only practicalities and logistics but also reports from the Dutch underground that more than "boys and old men" were on hand in Holland, where Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt had resumed command? The Americans' Patton might have had another viewpoint, but rivalry between him and Montgomery had reached a point where politics dictated Eisenhower's support of the British.

Thus the stage was set for a tragedy that under Richard Attenborough's careful directorial hand unfolds slowly and very surely in terms both of masses and of individuals. History provides near stereotypical figures—the spit-and-polish Englishman, the burly populist Scotsman, the devil-may-care Irishman, the cigar-chomping do-it-yourself American, the skeptical Polish freedom fighter, the dedicated young American officer, the golden foolhardy hero. On screen Dirk Bogarde, Sean Connery, Michael Caine, Elliott Gould, Gene Hackman, Ryan O'Neal, and Robert Redford portray them to the life; in fact, a number of the officers whom they impersonate served as technical advisers on the film. While some of the stars carry a "cameo" aura, most do not. Edward Fox, for example, brings a feisty vitality to Lieutenant General Brian Horrocks, who thought of his tank division as the "cavalry" coming to the last-minute rescue of the beleaguered "homesteaders" at Arnhem; Anthony Hopkins, as Lieutenant Colonel John Frost, leader of the battalion assigned to capture the bridge at Arnhem who arranged for his golf clubs and dinner jacket to be sent to Holland after him, paints an unforgettable portrait of a pragmatic officer who stands beside his men with fidelity. While each actor in his moment becomes larger than life—James Caan as a faithful sergeant; Laurence Olivier as a Dutch doctor; Liv Ullmann as Kate ter Horst, a woman who opens her exquisite house to the wounded and whose garden becomes a graveyard; Arthur Hill as a tough military surgeon; Maximilian Schell as a compassionate Lieutenant General Wilhelm Bittrich—none loses his re-



Attenborough and Levine—"Taste and subtlety at work."

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ality. The composite, or created, characters—a Resistance family, a German general, work as well.

This balance is Attenborough's triumph in addition to coping with the hundreds of extras and masses of materiel that give the film a newsreel authenticity; the texture is refined and given a horrifying beauty beyond the stage-front actualities of death and devastation by Geoffrey Unsworth's exquisite cinematography. No need for necrophiliac slow-motioning of gore and guts; there are artists of taste and subtlety at work here. The major filming was on location on the actual battlefields of Market-Garden—at Eindhoven, Grave, Nijmegen, and the drop zones around Arnhem, with the eighth-century city of Deventer substituting for Arnhem itself (which was destroyed and has been rebuilt into an ultramodern community). The result is a far cry from the made-in-Yugoslavia, ersatz feel of so many war films. And while Ryan's great gift as a historian is his structuring the event on the recall of its participants, it is to Goldman and Attenborough's credit that there is neither the patronizing of "little people" nor a "hey, there" scattering of stars, as there was in *The Longest Day*, the 1962 film of Ryan's account of the Normandy invasion. This is an un-Hollywood spectacle—and yet the skies blossoming with parachutes, the throngs celebrating a premature liberation, the huddled masses of the dead and dying, the blazing fury of battle, provide a spectacular reality.

It is a long film, 155 minutes, with attenuation apparent in the final half hour. And certainly some familiarity with the involvements of the battle helps; in spite of subtitled identification of the troops and their situation, there can well be some confusion about the actual development of the operation. But none of these vitiates the viewer's involvement with the men on screen or the final impact of the basic revelation of the total futility of total war. Certainly, Operation Market-Garden makes the Charge of the Light Brigade look like one of the more cogent military operations of modern history. For those who have a romantic view of World War II as the last "good" war, *A Bridge Too Far* should shatter the last illusion.

IN TOTAL contrast in form and content, there is *Homage to Chagall: The Colours of Love*, an exploration of the life and work of Marc Chagall, who will mark his ninetieth birthday on July 7. This glowing documentary, a paean to life and the glories of living, offers spiritual refreshment not only through an intimate study of the artist's paintings, stained glass, tapestries, and mosaics, and through his poems and autobiographical writings, but also in on-screen conversation with the man whose very presence carries a radiance.

Harry Rasky, the forty-seven-year-old Canadian documentarian whose work has earned him international stature, devoted two years to the film, working in the museums of half a dozen countries and speaking with Chagall in the garden of his home at St. Paul de Vence in the south of France, with Mme. Chagall serving from time to time as translator. It is an easy and intimate conversation, one that reveals the peaceful unity of the creator and his creations, the man in touch with the child he has been, the painter whose vision extends to his dreams but is rooted in the realities of a lifetime. "As an artist, one does not learn a craft, but 'life,' " he observes. "This then transforms the work. Everything can and will be transformed in life and art, if we speak the word 'love' without shame. In it lies true art: that is my technique, my religion, the new and old religion handed down to us from times long past."

The "secret" of his life, he confides, has been his need to justify his mother's faith in him, and her love, which sustained him. He recalls his childhood and youth in Vitebsk, in Russia; his arrival in Paris in 1910 ("I felt airborne . . . then I began to understand color"), his liberation there; his loneliness and return to Russia, to marriage, the revolution, going to Moscow as Commissar of Arts, the disappointments; the return to Paris in 1923 with wife and child; international travel and reputation, a wartime exile in the United States in 1941, the death of his wife three years later; the return to France in 1948, his remarriage in 1952. "You become the events of the world," he remarks—and the reflection is in the dazzling exploration of his works, the images and influences (primarily his Judaism and devotion to the Bible) recurring in the swirl of colors, the near mysticism of his visions.

There is exuberance, sorrow, the glimpse of tragic awareness, and always the flight of the spirit in enduring hope; the filmmaker has made a magical blend of sight and sound that transcends the screen in a triumphant tribute to humanism. The narrative, written by Rasky and spoken by James Mason, is noteworthy in its literate subtleties, with Joseph Wiseman providing the voice of Chagall in the quotations from his writings, and the perfect complement provided by Lou Applebaum's score. Kenneth W. Gregg's photography captures the luminous quality of the artist and the art. If there is a flaw in this beautifully integrated work, it is that the 90 minutes pass too quickly. But the film, made for Canadian television but released in theaters in this country, can be seen again and again, as it should. So masterly an homage to a master is a rare and wonderful accomplishment. ◉

Fighting at Arnhem on the Rhine—"Newsreel authenticity."

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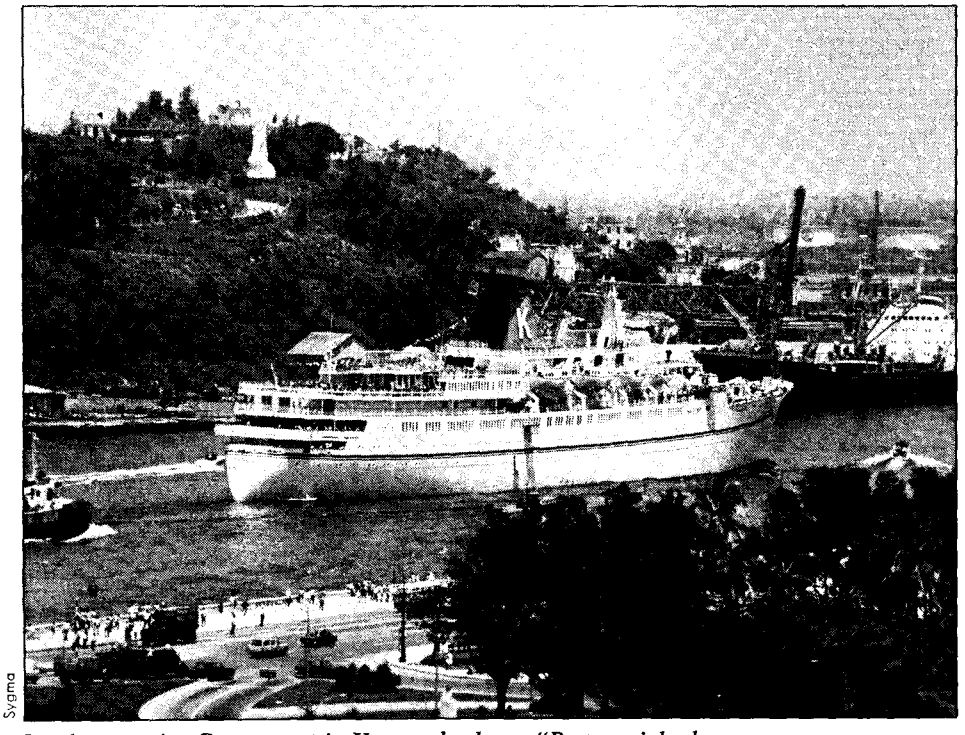
Booked for Travel

I'll See You in C-U-B-A

by Horace Sutton



Sygma

Daphne *passing* Cosmonaut *in Havana harbor—"By two o'clock, every camera and every pair of binoculars was on deck."*

SHE was a ship of fools and a ship of sages, a ship of minstrels and a ship of heralds, a ship of trippers and a ship of adventurers. She was the 17,000-ton M.T.S. *Daphne*, and on a Sunday in mid-May, with the weather as sultry as a second act of Tennessee Williams, she lay at a dockside in New Orleans taking on passengers for the first cruise in 16 years to call at Havana.

Hulking above the *Daphne* at the Mississippi quayside rose the new, yet-to-open, riverside Hilton, its rows of empty windows like a thousand Little Orphan Annie eyes staring blankly at the scene below. Astern of her, as if by indication of socialist days soon to be seen, lay the Russian cruise ship *Kazakhstan*, the red star on the bow fixed on the Greek flag on the *Daphne* that snapped in the river breeze up from the delta. The stern-wheeler *Natchez* skimmed by, its paddles dripping cascades of brown river water, but punctuating, for all that, the matter of place. Whatever international hugger-mugger was about to unfold, this was the Mississippi and it had its own legends.

Somewhere within its white hull the *Daphne* had provided quarters for some of America's most famous names in jazz—Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, Earl "Fatha" Hines, David Amram, and Ray Mantilla. They would play in concert as the ship steamed toward Havana, and once there they would play again for the Habaneros.

Such a curious confluence—the presence of the musicians and the historical moment of the first cruise ship to be allowed in Havana since the *Nieuw Amsterdam* left on the last voyage to Cuba on January 7, 1959—drew an unprecedented assortment of press people, who arrived bearing television cameras, battery packs, tripods, earphones, microphones, and a few advanced cases of self-importance.

And then there were the trippers themselves, the cruise passengers who had heard the call of adventure, of Havana, of the promise of blue notes played by names immortal in the auditoria of jazz. There were those who collect "firsts." There was the couple who had spent their honeymoon in Havana 40 years ago and brought a photograph of themselves in front of Morro Castle to prove it. There were the naturalized Americans who had been Cubans and who carried with them bundles of used clothing to be given to relatives. And there was Margaret Crahan, associate professor of Latin-American history at City University of New York, on board as the resident floating Cubanologist, part of a new breed to come more into prominence in future years.

Ahead lay 44 hours to be passed running the 90 miles from New Orleans to the open sea, then 511 miles to Havana harbor. There were briefings by day and jazz by night. Earl Hines, lithe and tall and wearing a natty rug and a pinkie ring that sparkled when he played the keys, had never been to Cuba in all his 71 years, but the first composition he had learned to play, so long ago, was "I'll See You in C-U-B-A."* That gave him a certain eligibility. Dizzy Gillespie, given to wearing Harvard sweatshirts by day, played maracas and trumpet with the Anselmo Sacaras band in 1938. "Cugat was playing that kind of music, but if you talkin' about Afro-American music, we're the first ones to put something to it," he said.

The presence of such eminent exponents of jazz on board a cruise ship was more the device than the reason that the Cuban government gave *Daphne* clearance to call at Havana. In its way, the jazz cruise served the function that the Ping-Pong players did in prying open the doors of China. The drop in world sugar prices has forced Cuba to look for a new source of income in order to meet the promises of a five-year economic plan.

The government has made good its promise on new roads and schools, but it has not been able to supply consumer goods that the country asked for. The five-year plan calls for industrialization, but that takes machines and foreign currency to pay for them. There are said to be machines that still wait on the docks in Yokohama for bills to be paid; the treasury lacks the foreign exchange. Tourism doesn't require the same resources as industrialization, so there has been a turn in direction and a softening of positions.

The Cuban shift and the Cuban need coincide with the attitude of the Carter administration. The decision to allow Americans to travel to Cuba and to spend dollars, a violation of the law in previous

*By Irving Berlin, from the *Ziegfeld Follies of 1920*.

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administrations, does not represent a fixed policy of the United States government or indicate its readiness to enter into full diplomatic relations. There are bills in both houses of Congress to allow certain trade, although it is true there has been "secondary trade" with Cuba by affiliated American companies. General Motors and Ford sell cars that have been assembled in Argentina, and a subsidiary of Continental Grain has bought Italian rice and sold it in Cuba, much to the annoyance of Louisiana senators whose farmer constituency had a surplus of rice it could not sell to Havana.

Still, there is no flat-out Cuban policy that has been enunciated by the National Security Council. There are the sticky questions of compensation for the $1.8 billion in expropriated American property and the retention in jails of over 9,700 political prisoners, among them some of American nationality. Ultimately there is the further nettle of Cuba's military presence in Africa and its political involvement in the West Indies, notably in Puerto Rico and Jamaica. Castro, recently in Ethiopia, Somalia, and Libya, is reported to have signed a secret pact with Colonel Qaddafi calling for Cuban troops and Cuban instructors to be sent to Libya. Qaddafi, thus bolstered, may, at Soviet urging, try to unhorse President Sadat in neighboring Egypt. Near May's end Castro acknowledged a diplomatic presence in Ethiopia, but State Department reports expressed concern that at least 50 Cuban military advisers were being sent to Ethiopia. Some estimates put the Cuban force at 400 to 500. The object: to dump the Sudanese government friendly to Anwar Sadat.

To the Western political viewer it seems anomalistic that Castro must turn to tourism, American tourism, in order to provide foreign exchange when he fields armies in foreign adventures. Cuba's so-called proletarian internationalism is explained as a moral obligation to the cause of the socially oppressed. To use capitalistic tourism to pay for the enforcement of social equality is a combination of idealism and pragmatism that rasps American sensibilities and confounds American logic.

Nevertheless, it was circumstance and private diplomacy that set *Daphne* on the course to Havana and will allow it to make future trips, by way of the Yucatán, this year. The American cellist Christine Walevska, the first American concert artist invited to Cuba since the revolution, made diplomatic approaches on behalf of her husband, Fred Mayer, the president of Exprinter, a travel company that packages cruises. Castro affirmed the trip, and Exprinter teamed with Carras Lines, which, enterprisingly, had arranged last February to send the *Danae*, the first Western ship to dock in mainland China.

On the night before the *Danae*'s sister ship, the *Daphne*, was due to arrive on its maiden visit to Havana, its master, Captain Joseph Kopakakis, entertained the entire passenger list at cocktails. Dress was announced as "formal," a pronouncement that drew dazzling raiment out of the traveling wardrobes of the passengers. A paisley dinner jacket, a canary-colored jacket worn with white turtleneck, white flannels and white plastic loafers, an evening dress made of one enormous *mola*, a creation of the Panamanian San Blas Indians, were among the choice ensembles.

Dizzy Gillespie, who was to play in concert later that evening, appeared in a long black velvet dinner jacket worn with blue ruffled shirt open at the neck and adorned with a cluster of dangling gold jewelry, including a gold replica of his trumpet, the bell tilted at the familiar 30 degrees. Greek waiters served blue canapés, and Captain Kopakakis, in white mess jacket setting off his tanned features, addressed the passengers as "ladies and djentilmen" while puffing from a cigarette holder held from the underside, Russian style.

The whole scene was flooded with the white glow of TV lights bathing it all in the incandescence of a premiere of especial note. Said Ken Tynan, *The New Yorker*'s English critic, "It's the opening of the most chic nightclub in Paraguay."

By two o'clock the next afternoon, every camera and every pair of binoculars was on deck as Captain Kopakakis tiptoed down the Cuban coast looking for the entrance to Havana harbor. At last, over an hour late, the pilot boat came into view, and *Daphne* slipped through the narrow straits. Morro Castle, its dome newly painted in silver, came up quickly to port, almost close enough to touch. Then the first Russian presence, the *Cosmonaut*, a freighter tied up alongside a pile of gravel.

The press came off first, met, as were all passengers, with a souvenir gift and a welcome to Cuba expressed in English. Immigration was a perfunctory stamp in the passport—no visa necessary—but the procedure at the money changers' was rusty. The battery in the computer had gone dead, and calculations had to be made by hand, 1.24 pesos to the dollar. With the pesos came a currency form on which each peso transaction was to be listed.

Immediately there were things to buy, a

Carras

Cruise passengers and colonial cathedral—"A significant baroque expression."

H. Sutton

Hemingway's dining room—"On a curving desk a picture of Ernest with Mary."

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Santa Maria Beach—"If you look like a visiting imperialist you pay dollars."

Alamar housing center—"A version of East Berlin baked too long in the sun."

Revolution Plaza—" 'You can write everything you want, but good things.' "

quayside counterful of Cuban revolutionary posters, records, bottles of Havana Club rum (Bacardi having long since fled to more amenable capitalist climes), boxes of cigars, and T-shirts emblazoned with "Cuba, Si!"

The guides, natty in uniforms, pointed the way to a line of large, new, air-conditioned buses imported, unaccountably, from Spain. But even as we emerged from the docks to survey that impressive sight, a roar went up from the crowd held behind barricades on the far side of the Avenida del Puerto. They sat on the parapet and stood four deep behind the first row. They crowded the balconies, stood atop fountains, and hung from the windows of the customs building behind us.

A bareheaded policeman in riding boots and silver spurs urged the traffic through, and when it was clear I jumped the barricades, crossed the *avenida*, and waded into the crowd. A hundred hands shot out to touch, shake, make some kind of tactile contact. I put out my right hand to shake whatever hand took it. It was grabbed immediately by an old gray lady who didn't shake my hand but instead took it and kissed it. Her eyes were a sonata of sadnesses played in an instant. They caught mine and held, telling me heavens knows what story—a son gone off to America? Americans she had known and loved in better days? a yearning, whatever may have been wrong with them, for other times? I took her head in my hands and kissed her cheek. And then in the multitude of shouts and roars I sought to reassemble my emotions before retreating to bus number 9, which had been assigned to carry the press.

There the atmosphere was stiff and cool. "My name is Eleyda," said the girl guide in tightly cropped Afro, white blouse, and red slacks. She would be in charge, the new socialist woman, with a socialist spiel. A trainee handled the bar in back, dispensing soft drinks and hard liquor, payable in dollars.

We rolled quickly through the streets—a passing glance at the yellow cupola of the old presidential palace, now the Revolutionary Museum, then into the tunnel of Havana, built by a French company in the late Fifties. Before Castro, a toll was charged, but now the use of the tunnel is free. The toll booths remain, perhaps as a reminder. White faces and blond heads looked out of the end of an army truck—Russians heading up the coastal road toward Varadero. The only commercial billboard advertised Aeroflot's service to Moscow, Frankfurt, Lisbon, and Lima.

As with tourism in many hard-line people's republics, the emphasis is often on social accomplishment, and so it was fitting, if not altogether popular, that the first stop was at a housing project. In this case it was the showpiece called Alamar, a suburban complex being built in relays by the people of Cuba, who donate their time. Developed from an idea of Castro's, Alamar will eventually comprise 26,500 apartments and provide lodging for 113,000.

Complete with schools, open-air movies, red stars on some walls, and signs in Russian on some houses, Alamar is socialist architecture at its most functional and resembles nothing so much as a version of East Berlin, circa 1955, that has been allowed to bake too long in the tropical sun.

Not far away, as Eleyda pointed out as we passed it, is an International Pioneers Camp, on territory, as she put it, "that was once a private beach." Opened two years ago, it receives children of socialist countries who come here on vacation. They swim, play basketball and soccer under lights, cruise a small river or cross it in a Disney-like cable car.

Next door, adults play at socialized Santa Maria Beach. Visitors from socialist countries, and some Canadians, stay at the new Marazul Hotel, a 180-room resort across the street from the beach. It has a pool, an array of chess and checker tables that would be unusual in a Western hotel, Ping-Pong tables, and a television set in the lounge. A double room costs about $30. Meals, largely fish and chicken and egg dishes available from a spartan menu in the dining room, cost extra.

Spotless pushcarts are set up at intervals along the beach walk, selling Czech Pilsner Urquell and Cuban Hatuey beer, rum, and soft drinks. Although Cubans were drinking and dancing to guitar music on the promenade, refreshment, if you looked like a visiting imperialist, was payable only in dollars. Eighty cents for the local beer, $1.10 for a Cuba libre. For the convenience of customers who wished to use boating equipment, a cash register had been set up on the sands.

Cash is Cuba's operative word. That night we filed into the gardens of the old Nacional Hotel, once run by Pan American's Inter-Continental Hotels. Now it is an aging relic, a throwback to the Thirties overlayed with socialist grids. The lobby is dark and dispirited, the nightclub is inky, the casino is gone. We were ushered into the gardens and given tables around the pool. Against the cabanas where so many Americans once sunned, long tables had been set up with choice dishes of lobster,

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cold snapper, pineapples stuffed with shrimp. Each had its own price tag—in dollars. Most plates, including something billed as a "creole antipasto," cost $4 to $5. The cheapest were dollar dishes of *chicharrones de cerdo*—cracklins to a proper Southerner.

All of the passengers had dined aboard ship before coming, and except for drinks, the takers were few. If the grace of service was gone, there was no diminution in the ardor of Cuban music. It filled the night with the same relentless beat. Rhythm had not been socialized. Nor had the starry Cuban nights that one remembered. Up in the Cuban heavens, too, shone the blue neon sign of the Hotel Capri, which had opened in the waning winter days of 1957 with George Raft the eminence at the gaming tables.

Aboard the press bus the next morning the atmosphere was fractious. A public relations man working for Carras had left a notebook filled with clippings about Cuba on the bus the night before. Eleyda broke into a stern lecture. "This notebook is against our government," she railed over the public address system. "We give it back to you, but this is against the laws of our country and all of you better be careful about that." There was a short pause for breath, then, "You can write everything you want [pause], *but* good things." The contradictions implicit in that diatribe were not obvious to her.

With that, the bus pulled away, destined for colonial Havana. Here Eleyda's facts were not as sure as her polemics had been. We paused before the statue of Carlos Manuel de Céspedes, who, as first president of the republic in arms, gave freedom to Cuban slaves in 1868. A new war for independence broke out in 1895, with Cuba winning its independence from Spain in 1898. Cuban history today views the record as a series of revolutions in which the Castro-led revolt was the final stage. The U.S. role in the Spanish-American War is branded as Yankee interference dictated by colonialist enslavement.

If one doesn't scratch into the socialist subsoil, Cathedral Plaza is a peaceful place, the cathedral itself a significant baroque expression that dates from the mid-seventeenth century. Next to it, the restaurant now called El Patio is a rare colonial quarter with greenery filling the courtyard and napery laid out in the side galleries.

One guide who makes $230 a month and pays no taxes told me she goes frequently to restaurants of this sort. She pays about $12.50 for dinner. A sampling of prices on the menu showed grilled pork chops at $6.85, beef scallops at $7.44, roast beef at $9.25, fish at $5.50. A thimbleful of *café criollo* cost 12½ cents.

We set off for Ernest Hemingway's house, the most imaginative sight chosen by the Cuban authorities. It turned out to be not on the sea, as so many had thought, but on a hill outside of Havana, with a commanding view of the plain and the capital. The private roadway winds through mangoes, royal palms, coconut palms, banyans, and croton, past the rotting hulk of *Pilar* mounted on the grass.

Visitors are not permitted inside, but must walk around the terrace, peering in through windows. There was a strictly enforced ban against taking pictures through the windows until the curator, under pressure, relaxed the measure. An attempt has been made to keep the house as it was, and so the Royal portable typewriter sits on the bookcase. The bed and the floor are strewn with faded copies of *The Field*, *Town and Country*, *Sports Illustrated*, and unopened copies of *Fishing Gazette*. Three shelves of books are in cases in the bathroom. On a big curved desk is a picture of Ernest with Mary, a photo of *Pilar* backlighted in the sea. A bullfight poster advertising a corrida in San Sebastián looks down from the wall. The faded lavender bedroom with its view across the plain to Havana is decorated with antelope heads from Africa. The open bar in the living room is still set with bottles of Bacardi, Old Forester, Campari, and Schweppes tonic, labels seen no longer in Cuba.

The socialist world delights in displaying private facilities now available for public disport. A full-page advertisement in a Cuban tourist publication portrays the elegant Spanish-style villa now Las Americas Restaurant in Varadero. It bears a sly caption: "The Dupont family used to spend their winters here in unbelievable luxury. Why don't you come for lunch?"

It would have been the obvious choice for lunch had it not been so far, but we were taken instead to Río Cristal, a complex of restaurants in suburban Havana that was once slave quarters for a nearby sugar mill, later a cloister. Today it is a fetching oasis, with swimming pool, a waterfall, and a lazy river that flows under drooping trees. Fishtail palms, twisted banyans, and fountains of bamboo decorate its elaborate park. The entire passenger list of the *Daphne* was entertained in an open-sided pavilion, plied with *mojitos* (rum, lime, fresh mint, ice, soda, and sugar), roast pig, beans and rice, mangoes, and papayas. A Cuban band exploded with Afro-American rhythms. The only sobering note was the sign in the parking lot: POR LA SOLIDARIDAD ANTIMPERIALISTA PAZ Y EL AMISTAD.

In search of peace and friendship, I forsook the bongo drums of Río Cristal and bus number 9 and with no trouble engaged a taxicab to look at the Havana I once knew. The Havana Riviera, a $15 million hotel when it opened in January 1958, is probably the best in Havana today, although only by default. Its marble halls, like those of the Havana Hilton, now the Havana Libre, are démodé—relics of the years of flamboyant Miami Beach architecture. The Riviera is neat, if dispirited; the old Hilton looks like 1932 Belize. A room at the Riviera costs between $25 and $35, with payment strictly in pesos. Dinner in L'Aiglon, its best restaurant, is about $10. The wines are Portuguese.

Floridita, that revered den of Hemingway and other tourists, survives on its inconspicuous corner. The limes for the daiquiris—for this place calls itself, then and now, "the cradle of the daiquiri"—are no longer squeezed by hand, for a cross-breeding has produced a larger lime that must be juiced by machine. Morro crab soufflés, a house specialty, have disappeared from the menu in favor of *picadillo a la habanero* and hamburgers—chopped beef in both cases.

Tropicana, that alfresco nightclub with its flamboyant shows, has survived as a sort of Bolshoi of the banana belt. Dancers and singers—including a chorale in full evening dress—appear on six levels. Lights flash on like the scoreboard in Kansas City's stadium. Forests move like some Birnam Wood come alive, and curtains of steam erupt on walkways strung in the branches.

Daphne was due to sail at 2:00 A.M., but it was far later when the last passenger had changed pesos back to dollars, bought the last box of cigars, gotten the final stamp in the passport, and boarded the gangplank. At half past three, the ship backed away from the quay and edged out into Havana harbor, skimming past *Cosmonaut*, still at its freight wharf. Small lights showed on the rocks below Morro Castle. When we came abeam it was clear they were men with lanterns. Was it a last signal? a final farewell? or just night fishermen on the rocks? Whatever the reason, it was lost in the tropical night. Inside the *Daphne*'s salon, the customers were still dancing and picking over the remains of a midnight supper that had been laid out on a buffet table in the bar. No one who had been ashore ordered a Cuba libre. ◉

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ERA *from page 13*

headed for defeat. As one of their leaders remarked privately, "It can be killed deader on the floor."

Interest then centered on which way a number of wavering senators would fall when the vote was taken. Even optimistic proponents admitted that their once substantial margin had dwindled to, at the most, a single vote. At breakfast on the morning of the balloting, a pro-ERA lobbyist reviewed a handful of possible swing votes. Phil Lewis, the West Palm Beach Catholic who had been under intense pressure from fellow Catholics, was reluctantly written off. So was Ralph Poston, of Miami, a former proponent who was now before the Ethics Committee for an alleged conflict of interest. That left two admittedly faint possibilities: Jim Scott and George Williamson, young Republicans from Fort Lauderdale.

The floor debate droned on for four hours. Scott did not speak; Williamson did, as an opponent of the bill. The debate overall was low-key and technical, with a few notable exceptions. Dave McClain, a Tampa Republican, got exercised over the drafting of women: "Man has the physical strength. Man has got it. *God* decreed that. I didn't, you didn't. And God decreed that women would have the children." Alan Trask, a Fort Meade Democrat, flogged the homosexual issue, which he said had been driven home to him by a conversation with a couple of ERA supporters who—to his horror—had turned out to be lesbians. He read passages about heterosexuality from Scripture and intoned, "We should never pass anything contrary to the teachings of God."

Lori Wilson was the final speaker, and if she had failed as a floor leader, she succeeded as a caustic and emotional orator. She castigated the southern states for defeating the ERA virtually en masse—only Tennessee and Texas have ratified it—and blamed "the good ole boys in the southern legislatures [who] traditionally do not judge 'people issues' like the ERA on their merit. To do so might challenge their manliness and manpower, at work, at home, even at play." These good ole boys, she noted, had refused to give up their slaves, approve women's suffrage, and support the civil rights acts: "Each time, we went down the same old southern trail that leads nowhere. Wouldn't it be nice, when America reaches its destination on *this* issue, if it was because of us, not in spite of us?"

There was a short squabble over a proponent's amendment to the bill declaring that the ERA would not invalidate existing state laws, a ruse that the chair ruled out of order. Then, with stunning swiftness, the vote came. Lights flashed on the electronic tally board—Scott, Williamson, and 19 others, "nay." The bill was defeated, 21–19. In the galleries, where the women in red dresses and red buttons had been heeding the chair's injunction to remain silent, there were irrepressible squeals and claps.

A few minutes later, those women and many others unable to get into the galleries hurried through the corridors in search of senators to congratulate. Each carried a cellophane-wrapped flower—red, of course. A group cornered Dempsey Barron, dean of the Senate, a pork-chop chieftain who'd directed the antis' legislative strategy. A slight, gray-haired lady handed Barron her flower, then reached up to throw her arms around his neck. "Praise the Lord for you, Senator," she said. ◉

Dance *from page 39*

by no means alone in his reactions to the controversial Cunningham, but I suggested that he look for the Cunningham hour on the *Dance in America* series. For on TV, Cunningham explains and presents his dance ways so charmingly that I found that I enjoyed him more on the "box" than in the theater.

Martha Graham was once even more controversial than Cunningham (her one-time pupil), in a much earlier, far less dance-oriented era. Her solo *Lamentation* evoked snickers and expressions of bewilderment 40-odd years ago. Today, on the Graham hour for *Dance in America*, it comes to compelling life. It was always sculptural (an early, experimental movie of fragments of it attests to that), but today's TV camera, like a searching eye, has not just sought out the shape of mourning but has ventured close to those muscle spasms that mirror inner agony.

I especially enjoyed the Twyla Tharp show because it is only half Tharp (*Sue's Leg*, performed by Tharp and her dancers), while the rest is devoted to fascinating footage drawn from newsreels of dance fads, Harvest Moon Balls (remember the lindy?), musicals, revues, jazz—all grist for Tharp's loose-limbed, casual choreography. Here, the "grist" is better than the refined Tharp "meal," and so at least one half of this program is important as a documentary of a dance era.

The series not only does honor to past dance accomplishments and current dance enterprises but also focuses upon new American dance developments. Arthur Mitchell, for example, was not content to be the first internationally famous black *premier danseur* (black stars in other dance styles go back for more than a century), simply because he did not wish to be an exception. Thus it was that he founded the first permanent all-black classical ballet company in the world. His TV contribution to the *Dance in America* series tells his story, looks at his company's Harlem roots, and explores a repertory that spans a spectrum from the Afro-Caribbean heritage through Balanchine ballet classics to new creations unifying African sources with the technical disciplines of Western traditional ballet.

Regional ballet is also a comparatively new American dance development, less than a quarter of a century old. Some very good amateur regional ballet companies have climbed the step up to a professional level. For example, Barbara Weisberger's excellent Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, regional group, with a huge assist from Ford Foundation and other grants, was turned into the Pennsylvania Ballet, one of the nation's very best ballet troupes. In *Dance in America*, the program on the Pennsylvania dancers both provides a look at the company's related school (and its rigorous training of expert, exemplary dancers) and offers a taste of the group's diverse repertory, which includes Balanchine ballets, a zinger of a ballet based on sports, and a sample of distinguished choreographic invention by the Dutch choreographer Hans Van Manen.

Certainly, each individual who watches the ongoing *Dance in America* series has already found, or will find, a favorite program, a section of a program, or an illuminating fragment. But of all the passages that Jac Venza (executive producer), Merrill Brockway (series producer and frequent director), Emile Ardolino (series coordinating producer), and Judy Kinberg (associate producer) have recorded and distributed to audiences everywhere, there is one that strikes me as symbolic of the entire series and, indeed, of the dance in America itself. This is it: Eugene Loring's *Billy the Kid*, with its great Aaron Copland score, opens and closes with an unending processional of American pioneers moving ever forward to new frontiers. Individuals falter, some return to a remembered security, but the march goes on, the quests continue, the adventure never ends. To me, this is what our American dance, on TV or live, is all about. ◉

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SABBATICAL? Rent/exchange homes/apartments worldwide. Loan-A-Home SR Box 635.

HOUSES FOR RENT

LUXURY TOWN HOUSE, central location—Chelsea area—London. No children. August, $3000. SR Box 2224.

MONTANA RANCH HOME. Large, comfortable. Close forest, streams. Sarah Arnott, Hobson, Mont. 59452.

NEAR OXFORD, ENGLAND. Delightful large 5-bedroom house, one hour from London. Fully furnished, acre garden and lawn. $400 each month, September-January. SR Box 2229.

MEDITERRANEAN COAST. Small XII château. Beautiful situation. 4 bedrooms. 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Excellent maid. Large library. Suitable author or sabbatical. Available from October. Lady COCHRANE, VIEUX CHATEAU, BORMES-les-MIMOSAS. VAR. 83230, FRANCE.

TAOS, NEW MEXICO—2 story Solar—Mountain view—sleeps 6—desk—typewriter—space. (505) 758-9242.

NEAR SALZBURG, CHALET FOR RENT, Traunssee, long term, economy; Sattler, (614) 446-4885.

PAWLING, N.Y. AREA. Year round, comfortably furnished cottage for responsible couple who love to garden. SR Box 2232.

HOUSES FOR SALE

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, attractive integrated neighborhoods. Shaker Heights Housing Office, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. (216) 751-2155.

1790 NEWLY RESTORED farmhouse, original panelling, walk-in fireplace, nine rooms, wooded seven acres, northeast Connecticut off Connecticut Turnpike. $100,000. Will sub-divide. SR Box 2213.

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . FROM $7.50 ACRE! Homesites, farming, vacationing, investment opportunities! "Government Land Buyer's Guide" plus nationwide listings—$2.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

PROPERTY AVAILABLE

OWN CASTLE FOR VACATIONS! From $3,000. European Catalogue, $5. SR Box 2221.

BIG . . . FREE SUMMER CATALOGUE! Over 2,500 top values coast to coast! UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-UR West 47th, Kansas City, Mo. 64112.

PEACHAM, VERMONT: 25 Acres, two-bedroom house, deck, mountain views, barn board interior, wood stove, modern appliances, ¼ m. pond, ideal writing, solitude, x-country skiing. $35,000. SR Box 2228.

BERMUDA—Homes for Sale or Rent, write Colin Anderson, Kitson and Company, P.O. Box 449 Hamilton, Bermuda, giving the number in party and specific dates.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND WANT YOU!! 50,000 jobs! Transportation! Latest information, $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 8489-W, Long Beach, Calif. 90808.

OVERSEAS—ALL OCCUPATIONS! Worldwide Directory and complete information—$2.00. Opportunities, Box 19107-MV, Washington, D.C. 20036.

WORK OVERSEAS. Australia, Africa, South America. Europe, etc. Construction, Sales, Engineers, Clerical, etc. $8000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write: Overseas Employment, Box 1011-J. Boston, Mass. 02103.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT—$10,000-$50,000+. Free Information! Employment International, Box 29217-MV, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

EDUCATORS: Openings nationwide. Oxford Associates, Box 5529W, Washington, DC 20016.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now hiring, all occupations, high pay, transportation, tax benefits, computerized reports—$2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-W, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

TEACHERS — ADMINISTRATORS. Current school, college openings (about 200) list in U.S. $5.95; abroad $5.95; principal, headmaster openings $4.95; library openings $4.95. Leading placement sources U.S. $3.95; foreign $4.95. EIS, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

TEACHERS: America's largest file of school/university vacancies—totally computerized—can be yours. Complete printouts (80-100 pages): $6/month, $16/4 months, $30/8 months. TEACHER INFORMATION EXCHANGE, Box 306-E, Bainbridge Island, Wash. 98110.

ASSISTANT TO STATE LEGISLATOR: Hard work, good pay, action. Tell all. SR Box 2203.

PRESIDENT, Old Sturbridge Village. The Board of Trustees of Old Sturbridge Village invites nominations and applications for the position of President of the Museum. Old Sturbridge Village, Sturbridge, Massachusetts, is a private, nonprofit, accredited, outdoor museum focusing on rural life in New England during the first half-century following the American Revolution. Its purposes are historical and educational in preserving and presenting a sense of the past through the re-created village, formal exhibits and participatory activities. Tentative plans are for a major expansion in the next decade to re-create an operating manufacturing village showing the origins of the Industrial Revolution alongside the present agricultural village. Open year-round, the Museum has an annual attendance of 635,000 visitors and employs a staff of 600 people. The President is the chief administrative officer of the Museum and a Director of Sturbridge Corporation, a wholly-owned subsidiary of Old Sturbridge Village, which operates gift shops and a motel. The President is responsible for administration, development of historical ideas, and substantial institutional development. The position requires strong capabilities to lead the formulation and articulation of goals in these areas, within and without the Museum. Responses, including credentials, references and a letter of interest should be addressed to: Chairman, Trustee Search Committee, Box 446, Sturbridge, Mass. 01566. An Equal Opportunity Employer M/F.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TRAVEL! FOREIGN SHIPS! GOOD PAY! No experience. Men/women. Adventures abroad. Work. Study. Stamped long envelope. GLOBETROTTER, Box 1266-SRB, Kansas City 64141.

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled, Equal Opportunity. All Fields. Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National Information, Department 201, 422 Washington Building, Washington, D.C. 20005.

U.S. FIRMS OVERSEAS—*Complete information* on hundreds of worldwide companies. Send $6.96: Globalemploy (LCKT), Box 4499-B, Huntsville, Ala. 35802.

SITUATIONS WANTED

MISSISSIPPI GIRL, B.A. Philosophy, seeks interesting employment in England. SR Box 2230.

HAVE TAUGHT ELEMENTARY, Junior High, Adult Ed—often planned curriculum; Office Manager and bookkeeping; much public contact. Seeking stimulating, challenging environment. Interests—political science, citizen awareness. Resumé/references. SR Box 2231.

ENGLISH REGISTERED NURSE, son 11 years—wishes position, private or educational establishment. Non-smoker—write Mrs. Pyle, Chalk Farm Cottage, Willingdon, Eastbourne Sussex BN20 9JD, England.

HISTORY INSTRUCTOR—young, creative male seeks teaching position; Masters, two years varied experience. Please write CHRIS, 12007 Locust, Louisville, Ky. 40223.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$300-$700 MONTHLY. Raise Rabbits, Laboratory Animals for us. We supply Equipment, Breeders, Instructions. Details-25¢. Laboratory Animals, Inc. SR, Countyline Road, Pentwater, Mich. 49449.

GOVERNMENT SURPLUS

JEEPS $59.30!—CARS—$33.50!—200,000 ITEMS! —GOVERNMENT SURPLUS—MOST COMPREHENSIVE DIRECTORY AVAILABLE tells how, where to buy—YOUR AREA—$2.00—MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE—Government Information Services, Department P-13, Box 99249, San Francisco, Calif. 94109. (433 California).

COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES

COLLEGE DEGREES BY MAIL. It is honestly possible to earn a legitimate, accredited bachelors, masters, or doctorate from well-known universities without taking any traditional courses whatsoever, often at surprisingly low cost. Free details from Dr. John Bear, 45080 Little Lake Street, Suite 2048, Mendocino, Calif. 95460. Or call toll-free (800) 648-5300 (in Nevada (800) 992-5710).

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 125

(BURT) PRELUTSKY:
CARRY ON, NURSE BREWER

A trade-off is a conversational gambit in which two people swap shameful secrets. . . . If it were not for trade-offs, *nobody . . . would ever talk about* anything but the weather—and would surely never admit to anything more bizarre than a taste for those potato chips that come packed in tennis ball cans.

From the *Los Angeles Times*, October 3, 1976

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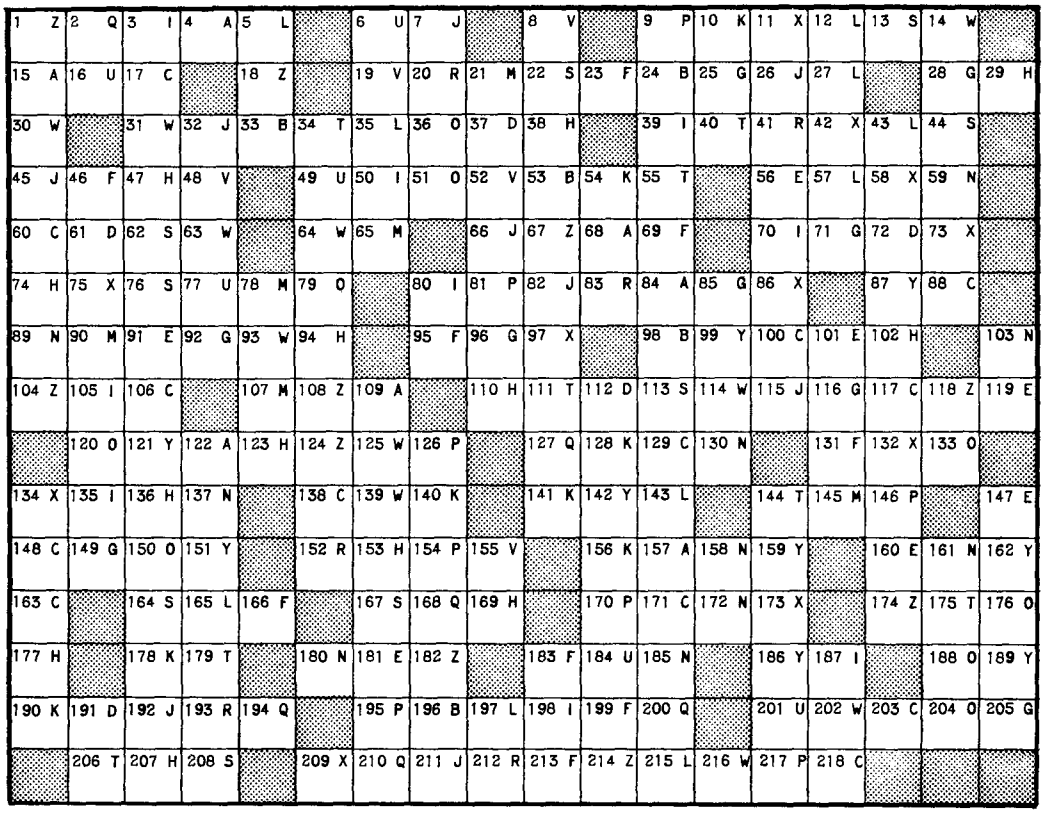
Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton



Number 126

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. "Charity _____ not" (I Cor. 13:4)	4 15 68 84 109 122 157
B. Contests, competitions, meets	196 24 33 53 98
C. Something awful, like mad (4 wds.)	100 117 148 171 203 60 88 129 218 17 106 138 163
D. Member of an Indo-European people of Nuristan	191 37 112 61 72
E. City in Umbria, central Italy	147 56 91 101 119 160 181
F. Diminishing (3 wds.)	183 199 23 46 69 95 131 166 213
G. "The horned moon, with one bright star / Within the _____" (2 wds.; Coleridge, "The Ancient Mariner")	25 71 85 96 116 205 28 149 92
H. One of the English regicides who fled to New England (full name)	94 110 123 136 38 169 207 29 47 74 102 153 177
I. Considered, planned, intended, purposeful; free, unforced	70 105 135 198 3 39 50 80 187
J. Thanksgiving; consecrated elements of Holy Communion	32 211 26 66 82 115 192 7 45
K. Hubbub, rumpus	54 128 141 178 10 140 190 156
L. English quarterly, 1894–97, to which Aubrey Beardsley, Henry James, Max Beerbohm, and others contributed (2 wds.)	5 27 35 57 143 165 12 197 215 43

CLUES	WORDS
M. Type of pad or medication	65 145 21 78 90 107
N. Monkey business (comp.)	161 172 180 130 59 89 158 185 103 137
O. That cannot be removed, blotted out, erased, etc.	204 51 133 176 188 36 120 150 79
P. English chemist (1838–98) who first pointed out the "law of octaves"	126 81 170 154 195 146 217 9
Q. Oriental warehouse	194 210 200 2 127 168
R. Offense, outrage, affront, slight	41 193 212 20 83 152
S. Hold it! Take it easy! (3 wds.)	208 13 62 44 164 113 167 22 76
T. Thin, watery, serous	111 144 175 206 40 179 34 55
U. Tinhorn, cheesy (comp.)	77 184 16 49 6 201
V. Pursue stealthily	19 48 8 155 52
W. Friend or supporter of the Greeks	31 202 64 216 63 125 14 93 114 139 30
X. Association of neighboring states or tribes in ancient Greece	58 11 134 209 75 42 173 73 97 132 86
Y. Intoxicating liquor (2 wds.)	87 142 121 186 189 99 159 151 162
Z. One who specializes in defamatory attacks, as on public figures (2 wds.)	108 18 174 118 214 124 182 1 67 104

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 125* appears on page 50.

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The Back Door

TO BEGIN with, this is not the Double-Crostic. That exasperating feature will be found one page back.

Neither is this one of those sugary "Management Speaks" columns, in which an editor or publisher rewards his staff with scarcely plausible public plaudits.

This is, I hope, the opening of a dialogue—a prolonged, sometimes somber, sometimes jovial, with luck only infrequently tedious discussion about what it means to be here, now, in America, thinking.

What I am thinking about these days is the odd business of magazines.

When I was in college I wrote a weekly column for my hometown newspaper. Although I was not personally acquainted with most of my readers, I knew a lot about them—where they lived, where they shopped, what they were reading about, the contours of their landscape. I could sense the tenor of the town, and my relationship to it.

When I was a critic in New York City, I wrote for another sort of community—a community of theatergoers. Again, although I knew only a small fraction of these "townspeople," I knew a lot about what they could see in theater, or had seen. We shared an interest.

The readers of *Saturday Review* form no such homogeneous group. They live in cities and on farms. They have a variety of occupations and interests. They are acquainted with environments I have never encountered.

For advertisers' sake, we try to "profile" our readers statistically. The computer tells us that *SR* readers earn more than the "average" American, are better educated, more active politically and athletically; that they are an average of 34.5 years old and about equally divided, male and female; that they drive certain kinds of cars (compacts and foreign), buy certain kinds of watches (digital), drink Scotch (in moderation).

What the computer cannot measure, however, is the distinctive quality of our reader, what makes him or her different from, say, the reader of *Harper's* or *The New Yorker* or *Newsweek* or *National Geographic*. The computer can tell us that our readers are exceptionally loyal, but not how they feel about the magazine.

The reason for their loyalty is not obvious, as it is in the case of local newspapers or specialty magazines, but neither is it undiscoverable. From the plentiful and perpetual mail between readers and editors and editors and readers, we know that *Saturday Review* readers like to think. News and specialized information they receive from other sources. What readers want from *Saturday Review* is to comprehend the people and events of their time. They want the news behind the news. Or, to borrow a broadcast term, they want to separate the signals from the noise.

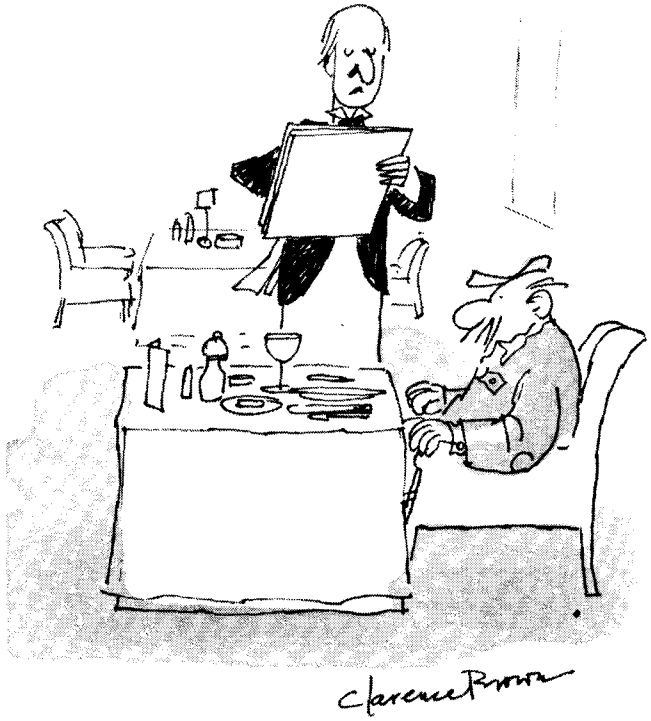
That makes them a community—not a geographical or special-interest community, but a community of generalists. There was a period in our history when the generalist was an object of mockery. Experts were supposed to know all the answers. Experts knew how to organize "manpower" to "maximize efficiency." Experts knew how to win the war in Vietnam and how to teach children with computers instead of teachers.

AMERICA is sick of experts. Every candidate in the presidential primaries last year, Democrat or Republican, ran against the notion that the "experts" in Washington knew more than the people. By answering unscreened questions on live radio, President Carter has asserted, symbolically, that there is no issue so complicated that it cannot be discussed in public.

The subjects of this column, like this magazine, will be general. In future issues, I hope to talk about all kinds of concerns—from the mysteries of magazines to the miseries of TV programming to whether the Yankees' big bankroll is a blessing or a curse on baseball. I want to write about politicians, takeout Thai cooking, the pleasures of crummy architecture, mixed doubles. If no one forewarns Irving Kolodin, I might even write about Mozart.

If I have a motto, it is from one of my teachers: "There are no boring subjects, only boring writers."

Here's hoping. —CARLL TUCKER



"I think you'll find the Caneton à l'Orange finger-licking good."

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If it doesn't make it in the Schlitz "Mini-Brewery," we won't make it in our big brewery.

A world of care in miniature.

There's no way we're going to take chances with the taste of our Schlitz brews.

That's why, over 25 years ago in Milwaukee, we built a little brewery inside our big brewery. This "Mini-Brewery" duplicates the work of our full-sized breweries down to the smallest detail.

In it, we brew a single, five-gallon batch at a time. One case of 12-oz. bottles.

No ingredient goes untested.

Our "Mini-Brewery" lets us pre-test every one of the ingredients that goes into our beers.

Say we're looking at a new crop of barley. Before we accept it we brew a test batch in the mini-brewery. If it isn't perfect we won't use it.

It's the same with all of our ingredients, from hops to water to yeast. If they don't measure up in our little brewery they won't make it to our big brewery.

Your assurance of quality.

The mini-brewery is one of our strongest checks on quality. Because it helps us keep the taste and character of our brews consistent.

At Schlitz, we never stop trying to improve our brewing skills. Because we know you never lose your taste for quality.

JOS. SCHLITZ BREWING CO.

Brewers of Schlitz, Schlitz Light Beer, Old Milwaukee, Primo and Schlitz Malt Liquor.

A world of care in brewing.

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Merit Breakthrough Remains Unduplicated.

'Enriched Flavor'™ tobacco makes MERIT unique among low tar cigarettes.

Since the introduction of MERIT, a number of other low tar brands have come along. But MERIT remains unique—*the only low tar cigarette with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.*

MERIT delivers what others can only promise: the flavor of higher tar cigarettes. The kind of flavor made possible by a breakthrough in tobacco technology.

Here's how it was done:

By cracking cigarette smoke down into separate elements, researchers were able to isolate certain flavor-rich ingredients that delivered taste way out of proportion to tar.

LOW TAR-'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

These flavor essentials were then packed into MERIT, giving it extraordinary flavor.

Taste tests against a number of higher tar cigarettes proved it.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested. Cigarettes with up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco.

And you can taste it.

© Philip Morris Inc. 1977

Kings: 8 mg. 'tar,' 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec.'76
100's: 12 mg. 'tar,' 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

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